new Masses

SEPTEMBER 11, 1934 10c

The Press-the-Button Counter-Revolution

By DAVID RAMSEY

Ivory Towers—White and Red

By JOSEPH FREEMAN

Freed Land:

Li-Yan-Chen's Diary of a Chinese Soviet

The Battle of New Orleans

By MICHAEL BLANKFORT

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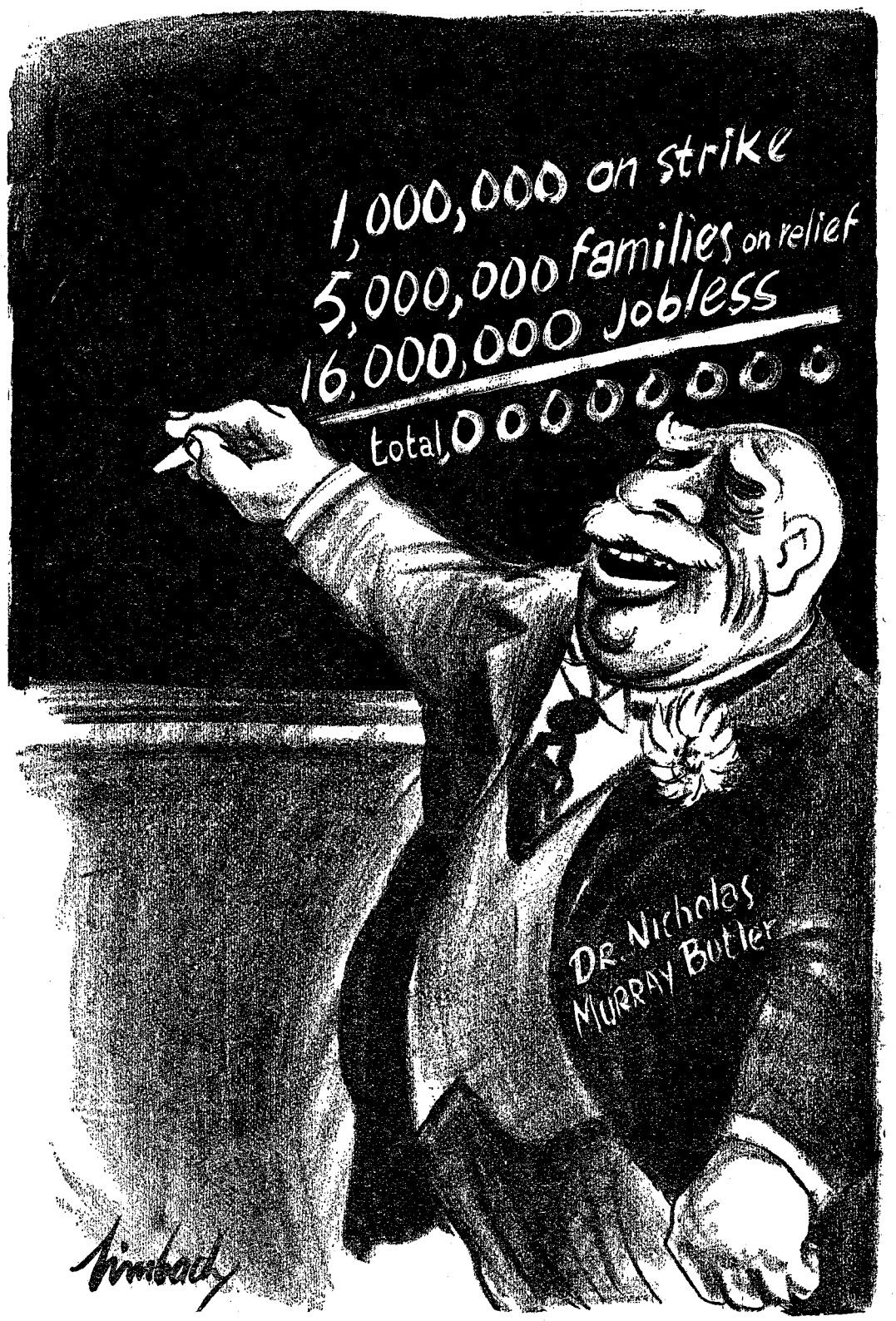
new Masses

SEPTEMBER 11, 1934

THE real news from California is Leo Gallagher's enormous vote in the Democratic primary in his campaign for Supreme Court Justice. Running on an independent ticket, endorsed by the Communist Party, Leo Gallagher, attorney for the International Labor Defense, untiring fighter for civil liberties —with Upton Sinclair refusing to support him in his fight against the reactionary, terroristic judicial machine of California—rolled up 180,000 votes, on incomplete returns. Upton Sinclair hasn't fooled *all* the workers in California.

THE biggest strike in American history began Sept. 1. With some 600,000 cotton, 140,000 woolen and worsted and about 260,000 silk workers summoned to the picket line, the strike by Sept. 5 promised to paralyze the entire textile industry from Maine to Florida. Most prominent in the headlines were New Bedford, in New England, and Gastonia, in the new South. In both centers the red scare was being worked for all it was worth: both are strategic points in the 1,500 mile long battle front. Gastonia, which created labor history in 1929 seems likely to repeat on a larger scale in 1934. This county, with 25,000 employes in its 105 mills, the center of the Southern textile industry, is the pivot about which the strike movement hinges below the Mason and Dixon line. Governor Blackwood (the governors of both Carolinas are automatically friends of the textile interests) instantly called out the troops, and bayonets bristle between the pickets and the men still going to work. Ferment within the ranks of the newly unionized workers (the United Textile Workers grew from 50,000 to 300,000 within the year) preceded the actual strike action. The U. T. W., affiliate of the American Federation of Labor, is not the U. T. W. of 1933. Only its leaders remain the same, the tricky Gormans and MacMahons, men who have practised the arts of demagogy and sell-out for decades. The new members, the majority from the South, most of whom have never been in a trade union before, go to battle with religious fervor. Southern strike meetings open with prayer: precedents for strike are cited from the Old Testament. Stretchout and starvation is compared with the suffering of the Chosen People in Egypt. Calls to strike are answered with fervent "Amens." Novices in unionism generally possess these two principal characteristics: militancy and blind faith in their leadership. Too often in the past A. F. of L. leaders have taken advantage of the faith to defeat the militancy. But demagogue MacMahon, faced at the recent U. T. W. convention with the irresistible demand of the rank and file delegates for a strike, had no recourse but to join in with his "Amen."



"DR. BUTLER HOLDS MALDISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH IN U. S. SHEER INVENTION OF RADICALS."—N. Y. Times, Sept. 3, 1934 *Limbach*

WHY did the textile workers strike? The N.R.A. National Textile Code established the viciously low "minimum" wage rates for the textile industry (minimums that always tend to become maximums) of $12 for the south and $13 for the north. Actually the workers' earnings have fallen far below even this starvation level. Department of Labor figures for June showed an average weekly wage in textiles of $10.98. Averages, however, always have a way of making a bad situation look better. A few relatively high

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wage rates, for example, in hosiery and the silk branches of textiles, will pull the general average far above the remainder. Actually the majority employed in textiles, particularly the cotton workers, are getting from $7 to $9 a week. Since last May, when General Johnson agreed to the mill owners' demand for a 25 percent curtailment of production, the textile workers' income has been correspondingly cut. At the same time, careful studies show that the average millhand is doing from 33 to 100 percent more work than in pre-Code days! Naturally Mr. Sloan and the textile owners deny this, but facts stubbornly remain facts. What has caused the greatest bitterness among the workers is the companies' persistent denial of labor's right to collective bargaining, supposedly guaranteed by Section 7A of the N.R.A. Furthermore, when 4,000 cases of men and women discharged for union activities were referred to the Cotton Textile Institute, over 2,000 of these cases were immediately dismissed without so much as a show of investigation. Only a handful of the entire 4,000 were ever reinstated. The strikers' demands, formulated by the 500 delegates at their recent convention are for

(1) A thirty-hour maximum week, six-hour day, with the $12-13 wage scale maintained.
(2) Establishment of a maximum work load.
(3) Reinstatement of all discharged for union membership.
(4) Recognition of the United Textile Workers as the chosen instrument for the workers' collective bargaining.

In addition to these four demands, decided upon by the Convention, the U. T. W. officials have arbitrarily added a fifth, which opens the way for all sorts of sellout maneuvers and no-strike agreements, which would bind the U. T. W. membership, hand and foot. This demand is

(5) For the establishment of an arbitration board, mutually agreed upon by both parties, to settle all future disputes.

CERTAINLY American labor has had enough experience with these "impartial" arbitration boards to warrant its final repudiation of all such schemes. Not only were the auto and the steel workers tricked by arbitration and "fair-settlement-of-all-grievances" promises into calling off their threatened strikes, but the textile workers themselves had had bitter experience with such impartial boards. Even Francis Gorman, U. T. W. strike committee leader, admits "Our people have been treated so badly by the Textile Industrial Relations Board that we cannot go to that body. We have been fooled so long that we naturally mistrust that board." Yet when the notorious strike-breaking George Berry proposes, in the name of the N.R.A., the formation of a new arbitration board to settle the strike, not only MacMahon welcomes, but Gorman says heartily, "Any attempts to arbitrate the issues would be welcome." The generous spirit of the U. T. W. leaders is exemplified in MacMahon's declaration: "Our technical demands are broad enough so that reasonable men can sit down and give away here and there. I mean that we're not going to insist on crossing all t's and dotting every i. We want the employers to know that they have a problem on their hands and that we want to help them make dividends. For, if they don't make dividends we get no pay, see. There's an opportunity for the employers and us to sit down together."

IT is significant that in a strike of such major character the misleaders, the government and the press shout mighty denunciations at the Communists. The Reds are out to reap ghoulish rewards in the midst of turmoil and strife! Moscow has given orders! The Red regiments have goose-stepped into action! A call by the Communist Party for unity in the ranks, for mass picket lines, for unreserved support of the strikers, is twisted into all sorts of Machiavellian distortions. Similarly with the left wing National Textile Workers' Union. The Department of Immigration rushed inspectors by air to the scenes of picketing. The Department of Justice tumbled over the Department of Immigration in the haste to break strikes. The A. F. of L. dictators and their allies in the government may well fear: the strikers of today are in no mood for sell-out. They want relief from diabolic stretchout, from pellagra, from starvation. The mass picket lines in the South, the ramshackle motorcades swinging from Carolina mill-town to mill-town prove this. And the Communists who fight valiantly for the every-day necessities of the masses may well be chosen by the masses as their leaders. Of course, all militant actions by the most unpoliticalized workers, will be branded "Red"—the signal for governmental violence, the machine-guns and poison gas. At present the employers' tactic is to pooh-pooh the response to the strike, to cast doubts, to spread pessimism. But daily, hourly, the reports break through the press of solider picket-lines, of more mills clamped shut. The great textile strike of 1934 is in full swing!

TEXTILE employers reacted instantly with bitter protests when Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator, stated last week that relief would be given to all destitute families regardless of whether they were striking or not, and the press immediately took the cue to arouse prejudice against the strikers. Because the whole question of strike relief by governmental agencies will become an issue during the textile strike, it is well to review the facts now. First place, shortly after his first pronouncement, Hopkins hastened to state that the total amount of relief given to strikers in all strikes up to date amounted to only $100,000! A few days later he radically changed his stand by announcing that the Federal Emergency Relief would not put itself in the position of financing strikes. "If they think we are going to underwrite their strike," he said, "they are mistaken and *they will find it out soon enough.*" This is more in line with the whole policy of F. E. R. A., which has acted as a strike-breaker on previous occasions and will undoubtedly attempt to do so in the textile strike. Further evidence of this intention is given by the statement of Welfare Commissioner Hodson, of New York, in which he assured big business that the chance of strikers receiving relief during a strike is very slim, since all those who receive relief must undergo a long, searching investigation into their needs. It takes anywhere from three weeks to three months before applications are approved; if no other disqualifications of strikers for relief existed, this one of red tape would be enough. But as Hodson hinted in his statement, there were many other ways to disqualify strikers from getting relief. Furthermore, John E. Edgerton, President of the Southern States Industrial Council, has said that if it were not for the government's assurance that "no one shall go hungry in this country" the textile strike probably would not run longer than a week. "Even God Almighty," declares this spokesman, "never promised anybody that he should not suffer hunger." The working of cause and ef-

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fect is clear. The pressure of big industry has forced the government to recede from even its lip-commitment of no discrimination against strikers.

IN his first two reports Donald Richberg boasted of all the wonders that the N.R.A. had performed for the industrial workers and farmers of the country. His third report on "Relief of Destitution" reveals that 5 million families, representing more than 23 million persons, nearly one out of every five in the United States, will be listed on the relief rolls of the nation this winter. This records a net gain of more than 6 million thrown on relief since the enactment of the N.R.A. And still Richberg understates. Current figures gathered by the New York Times (as part of a campaign to push down still further New York City's grossly inadequate relief allotment) show that in many communities throughout the country, from 15-20 percent of the population have already been forced on the relief rolls, with far greater numbers expected this winter, thanks to N.R.A. and the drought. Denver and Cincinnati each have 20 percent of their inhabitants on the relief rolls; New York has 18 percent; Milwaukee, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia 16 percent. These figures by no means represent the total number in need—in desperate need—of relief. In New York City alone, for example, applications for relief have been mounting at the rate of more than 1,500 per day for many months past—while the number actually receiving relief has been drastically reduced.

IN many areas the percentage on relief is small. This is not due to relative prosperity, but to refusal of the authorities to appropriate any money at all for relief. Thus, Virginia has only 6.7 percent of its population on relief, but Virginia appropriates not one cent of state funds for relief, and whatever public assistance is afforded comes from bankrupt localities and the Federal government. Likewise, the government of Louisiana, which sacks the treasury of many thousands of dollars to maintain national guardsmen, calls special legislative sessions, and holds expensive inquiries for the personal benefit of Huey Long, consistently refuses to pay a cent toward aiding its unemployed. Arkansas, North and South Carolina and Georgia are other states which have completely washed their hands of the burden of relief. Of their destitute workers and farmers, only a small percentage get the Federal government's starvation sop of $5-$7 per family per month. In those states where the relief figures are highest, niggardliness rules the relief doles. In New York State, where relief budgets are highest in consequence of the higher cost of living, relief rolls have been slashed steadily during the past months while relief needs have been mounting. Open admission of these increased needs, particularly during the coming year, has not deterred the State legislature from reducing the unemployment relief appropriation fully one-third under that of the past year. In the face of sky-rocketing food costs, New York has pared food budgets for families on relief from $2-$4 per month. Growing in ratio to the fact of joblessness and hunger, is the promise of Federal unemployment and health insurance. Actually the Administration is as far from these social services as when Roosevelt first piously enunciated them in pre-election days. Only the unmitigated efforts of the masses, their incessant pressure, will force the passage of these measures. And it is with that in mind that the workers—industrial and white collar—will meet in Washington simultaneously with the next session of the U. S. Congress, January, 1935. The workers will hold their Congress for Social Security. There a real program for social insurance, revolving around H. R. 7598 will be formulated and presented to Congress.

ONCE again the National Executive Committee of the American Socialist Party has rejected the proposals of the Communist Party for a united front against war and Fascism. Yes, united front was desirable, in fact the Socialist leadership "realizes the immense value to the labor movement of a united action of all elements against the danger of war, Fascism and continued exploitation." But the vote was seven to four—against united front. The pretext was that the Second International must decide. But already Socialist parties in eight different countries have joined in a united struggle with the Communist Party and without the judgment of the Second International. A Socialist worker may well reply to his leaders' decision: "But you have constantly told us that our parties are independent of the Second International. You have insisted that only the Communist Parties are dependent on the International for their decisions. Also, why can our Socialist comrades in France take joint action with the Communists against Fascism while we in America may not? It's a fine international proletarianism that refuses to let workers fight with inter-

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national unity against the international danger of Fascism!" The Socialist worker could also point to the actual united front his leaders have entered into with such disguised Fascists as Matthew Woll and William Green. There the phrases "good faith," of "sincerity" and all the rest of the words the Socialist leaders are accustomed to use in such situations, were not mentioned at all. In the meantime, to quote from Earl Browder's letter to Norman Thomas, "While we write, colossal crimes of strikebreaking are being committed against the working-class" and "every day of delay in bringing about the most powerful united struggle against the war danger adds to the hazard of being engulfed by it."

UPRISINGS of the Italian masses against the intolerable miseries imposed on them by the Fascist government are occurring constantly throughout the peninsula. In Puglia, the southern vanguard of anti-Fascist struggle, a series of demonstrations against war resulted in the arrest of 250 workers, among them the Communist leader, Voccoli, and his son. At the military port of Taranto, a band of secret police went on board the warships and discovered Communist leaflets in the possession of a sailor. The sailor has disappeared. The fishing population of Marano Lagunare last June refused in a body to pay the heavy taxes demanded of them. When their properties were seized for forced sale, the women of the village marched through the streets shouting: "We want bread!" Throughout the district of Montfalcone demonstrations have been carried out against hunger and war. Of those arrested, 150 have been held for the merciless "Special Tribunal," which during its July sessions alone condemned hundreds of anti-Fascists from Puglia, Bologna, Spezia, Gorizia, Romagna and other provinces to sentences of from one to sixteen years.

NOT only is the Italian working-class brutally oppressed, but the middle-classes complain that they must get official permits even to hold social gatherings in their homes; that they are challenged for remarks made in private conversation; that nobody is safe from the denunciation of the thousands of Mussolini flunkeys. Literary men go in fear and trembling lest their most harmless writings be construed as treason. Lawyers and doctors are unable to support their families for lack of patronage. Even the priests are curtailed. Churches that used to have six priests are reduced to one, because the parishioners have nothing for the collection. Universal militarization continues to swell the staggering burden of taxes. Three-fourths of all Italian children and youth of both sexes are forcibly enrolled in military organizations, the *Balilla* and the *Avanguardisti*. An Italian authority estimates that the cost of policing Italy is three times what France spends for similar purposes. Unemployment in all classes has increased tenfold in the past decade; and it must be remembered that the Italian crisis began before the world crisis—and was accentuated by the Fascist regime. Mussolini's financial budget faces immediate collapse, if the assistance of Wall Street should be withdrawn. There can be no doubt that the "original" brand of Fascism, supposed to be more stable and "popular" than the Hitler variety, is equally feeble and lacking in a base. Both represent the adventurism of capitalism in despair.

Upton Sinclair's Threat

NO GREATER threat to the American workers' standard of living has appeared than Upton Sinclair's EPIC plan for California. It is the "subsistence village," the "subsistence homestead," plan, and he would apply it on a state-wide scale. If he is elected and the idle land and factories that he speaks of are bought by the state, it will mean that the million and a quarter unemployed Californians will be put to forced labor for a bare subsistence. Sinclair would not have them starve; he knows that eventually they will revolt; and that, Sinclair said on the radio after his talk with Roosevelt —that "would require soldiers and machine-guns." So this ex-Socialist, in order to stave off the revolt of the workers which he clearly sees coming, proposes to inaugurate a system of virtual serfdom, with the workers tied to the land or factories, and a makeshift arrangement of scrip, barter, payment in kind, etc., keeping them supplied with those elementary necessaries without which they would die.

The true character of Sinclair's plan has become abundantly clear in the statements, interviews and speeches he has broadcast ever since he won the Democratic nomination for Governor of California. He has declared that the election of his rival, acting Governor Merriam, the reactionary Republican, would mean a Fascist state. California has no great distance to go to become a Fascist state. The summary of conditions there, given in this issue by Lew Levenson, shows—not actual Fascism, as Levenson says—but a widespread and growing use of Fascist tactics by the political, military and police tools of the employers. Sinclair doesn't seem to be aware of the condition of terror against all militant workers, radicals, even liberals, that exists throughout the state of California. Certainly his voice has been conspicuously silent in the nationwide outbreak of protest against the terror. It is obvious that the reason is not far to seek.

Sinclair sees poverty in California and proposes to cure it, but without touching the cause: capitalism. Thus the basic ideology on which Sinclair's program rests is the Fascist objective of saving the dying capitalist system by force. Sinclair wants to abolish poverty. He also wants to save capitalism. He cannot do both. He will shortly find himself engaged on the second part of his program, saving capitalism; and capitalism is not to be saved—even for a time—except by Fascist force. Sinclair has declared that as Governor of California he would not permit a general strike. He went on to explain that the workers would be so well satisfied with conditions that they would not want to strike. But suppose they did strike? There is only one inference to be drawn from Sinclair's automatic reaction to the word revolt—"which would require soldiers and machine-guns." Sinclair has promised the unemployed of California bread; we may within a year see the spectacle in this country, the spectacle familiar in Europe, of Socialists and erstwhile Socialists feeding the workers bullets.

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THE EPIC FEINT

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The Week's Papers

WEDNESDAY, August 29.—United Textile Workers Union forwards general strike order for September 1. . . . Donald Richberg says majority of farm products are up 100 percent in price. . . . Supplementary statement of Harry L. Hopkins says relief for strikers will be withheld if strike "is not approved by Department of Labor." . . . Shoe manufacturers protest against U. S. plan to make shoes from hides of cattle bought in drought area. . . . Gen. Tsai Ting-Kai, foe of Chiang Kai-Shek, visits City Hall. . . . Police attack Chicago bus strikers' picket line. . . . National Guard sent to Lonesdale, S. C., textile mill which plans to reopen despite strike. . . . Business failures in U. S. for week ending August 23 were 218, an increase of 21 over previous week, Dunn and Bradstreet reports. . . . Steel ingot production drops to 19 percent of capacity.

Thursday.—Acting on Senator Copeland's suggestion, New York State convention of American Legion decides on drive for universal draft law. Britain proposes to Washington possible restriction of world merchant shipping. . . . Led by United States Steel Corporation, many steel companies announce 10 percent cut in office workers' pay at estimated saving of $4 to $5 million a year. . . . Wholesale commodity prices during past week reached highest level of year, Bureau of Labor Statistics reports.

Friday.—Textile strike to be extended to woolen, worsted and silk trades. . . . Martial law in New Orleans extended as Sen. Huey Long arrives to "investigate" municipal vice and graft. . . . 3,500 Brooklyn Edison Company workers plan strike for union recognition and reinstatement of three dismissed workers. . . . National Commander Hayes calls upon American Legion convention at Buffalo to "wipe out Communism." . . . Leo Gallagher, Communist Party candidate for Supreme Court Judge in California, polls 180,000 votes in primary despite Vigilante and official terror.

Saturday.—General Textile strike set to begin at 11:30 p.m. in twenty-one States, involving more than a million workers. . . . Under machine-gun protection, Sen. Long opens star chamber proceedings of legislative committee to probe New Orleans conditions. . . . Deciding long-drawn out Houte Engineering Company case (Buffalo), National Labor Relations Board rules for majority rule in selection of representatives by labor for collective bargaining. . . . Lewis W. Douglas, Federal Budget Director, resigns. . . . Automobile code containing the vicious "merit" clause is extending for 60 days to November 3.

Sunday. — Maldistribution of wealth in United States is "just sheer invention" by radicals, says half-Nobel-prize-winner Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. . . . Donald R. Richberg, Executive Council director, says by winter 5,000,000 families—roughly 23,000,000 men, women and children—will be on Federal relief rolls. . . . Labor's successive disappointments with N.R.A. is resulting "in greater interest in Communism" says Matthew Woll. . . . Number of strikers in last year was small and Federal relief to them "negligible," declares Richberg in Labor Day address. . . . Number of strikes in last year was largest in labor history, asserts Woll in Labor Day speech. . . . Textile strike order may take in 250,000 workers in allied industries. . . . Onset, Mass., cranberry pickers vote to strike for more pay. . . . Total unemployment relief (Federal, State and local) set at $3 billion for depression so far. . . . Nazi storm trooper coming here will tell American Inquiry Commission next month how he and eleven other storm troopers burned Reichstag under Nazi orders.

Wide Wold Photos

MRS. EVALYN W. McLEAN

Glittering with jewels, including the famous Hope Diamond, Mrs. McLean on her return from Moscow, where she wore the entire collection, said: "There was no envy . . . only hate. . . . I think I am the only person in ten years who has given poor, dismal Russia a thrill."

Monday.—Textile strike gets under way in places where Labor Day holiday is not observed. . . . Ex-President Hoover tries to "come back," assails New Deal as "foe of human liberty" in magazine article. . . . In Labor Day speech at World's Fair, Mayor LaGuardia declares people are dissatisfied with system permitting millions to be unemployed. . . . Secretary Perkins joins growing number of Roosevelt advisers who stress "steady profits" aim of New Deal. . . . Socialist Party refuses to accept Communist Party invitation to join in united front against war and Fascism, but asks Second International to take up question with forthcoming Communist world congress of Communist International. National Code Authority for retail solid fuel resigns in body charging N.R.A. with vacillation and altering of codes. . . . Mrs. Mary Mooney, 85, after devoting the last years of her life to try to free her son Tom, dies in San Francisco.

Tuesday—Textile strike grows despite inauguration of violence by troops, police and mill guards in South and New England. . . . "The interests of the people comes first," blurbs Mayor LaGuardia in a commercial ad in which he endorses a department store sale. . . . Electric Boat Company of Connecticut and Vickers, Ltd., of England, both armament makers, divided the world between themselves for purposes of selling submarines, opening session of Senate inquiry into international munitions profits discloses. . . . Upton Sinclair visits Roosevelt at Hyde Park, N. Y. . . . Steel and auto industries likely to withdraw from N.R.A. codes soon. . . . United States asks for resumption of Washington talks on Soviet debt question. . . . Scranton, Pa., school teachers on strike demanding overdue pay.

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Patriots A.W.O.L.

CARL HAESSLER

ALL would have gone well with the numerous small-change patriotic rackets in America if they had kept their dirty paws off President Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt and the president's advisors. They might have gone on thrilling rich sterile spinsters with horrendous forecasts of involuntary motherhood thrust upon them by potent Reds and the spinsters might have gone on paying handsomely for the compliment. They might have continued fomenting anti-radical mobs among Legionnaires and then collecting from wealthy Jews as insurance against a workers' revolution.

But they went too far. In their attempt to tap new revenue sources by exploiting the fears of the more ignorant capitalists that the Roosevelt administration might go Socialist, they overreached themselves. The administration engineered a congressional investigation of Fascism, Communism and other alleged anti-American activities.

In New York it found that Poison Ivy Lee was the higher-up of the Nazi propagandists, some of whom had branded President "Rosenfeld" as a Semitic tool of the international Jewish bankers. In Los Angeles it found that the Silver Shirts had sought to buy U. S. navy machine guns and ammunition at reduced rates from a friendly marine. The marine turned out to be a government spy planted like a cooty in the Shirts.

The secret Chicago investigation by the committee of the House of Representatives closed August 23. It was conducted by Rep. Carl M. Weideman of Michigan, a loyal Rooseveltian who had no mercy on shakedown outfits when they used patriotism as a cloak to make money by attacking the president.

Weideman summed up his three days of taking evidence by saying in an official statement:

> This committee has proof that most of the howl set up about Communism in this country today is for the purpose of hampering President Roosevelt and his administration, and comes from sources with ulterior motives.

Talking to the press Weideman referred to the most persistently touted of the patriotic organizations as rackets. He referred particularly to the Paul Reveres and to the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation. The guiding hand behind these is Harry A. Jung, a gentleman with an interesting history and many ups and downs in his efforts to make a living.

The congressional committee did not, however, get any of its information directly from Mr. Jung. Midwest expert on subversive activities though he be by his own advertisements, he found it impossible to respond to the committee's subpoena and appear to give evidence against the Reds. Mr. Jung was absent from the committee hearing, a patriot gone A.W.O.L. just when his distressed country needed him most.

Publisher McCormick of the Chicago Tribune has made office space in the Tribune Tower available to Mr. Jung, but it would seem that the beneficiary is not anxious to make his whereabouts public (perhaps the Reds might kidnap him and banish him to the Solovetsky Islands). Neither his name nor that of his American Vigilant Intelligence Federation appears in the Tribune Tower's building directory. His mail address is P. O. Box 144, Chicago. But way up on the 22nd floor, just below McCormick's luxurious suites, is a room with the letters A.V.I.F. and 2212 lettered on the door, nothing more. That is Mr. Jung's hangout. It is stuffed with pamphlets, clippings, files, and in it Miss R. L. Peterson works hard on correspondence and bookkeeping.

Though Mr. Jung did not face the committee in person his papers had been produced under subpoena and revealed a crude two-way racket that apparently worked quite well with the wealthy social morons on whom it was tried.

The wealthy Jews, like Milton Florsheim of the shoemaking family and Max Epstein of the General Tank Car Corp., were tapped for money by playing up the danger of Bolshevism in the land of their opportunity. Sears-Roebuck, controlled by the Julius Rosenwald family, also lined the Jung treasury.

Then he turned around and played up the danger of control by the "international Jewish bankers" to get money out of potential fascists. Mr. Jung's correspondence shows for example that he was peddling the long-exposed Protocols of Zion to William Dudley Pelley of the Silver Shirts, offering them in quantity to Treasurer H. F. Sieber of the Silver Legion at 60c apiece. This was Exhibit C-10247 in the committee's record. Henry Ford once paid good money for these fakes and later expensively regretted it.

Mr. Jung also offered the English-printed pamphlet, *Halt Gentile and Salute the Jew,* at 10c in quantities. A couple of months later he tried to unload a collection of clippings and old magazines on the Silver Legion at a bargain — a bargain, gentlemen — for only one thousand dollars.

Not only did Chicago Jews subsidize Mr. Jung but so did, according to the seized papers, the First National Bank, with which Silas Strawn, an anti-Roosevelt corporation attorney, is closely connected. So did the William Wrigley, Jr., Co., which believes that revolutions should be confined to human jaws cracking down on its chewing gum. So did the Northern Trust Co., most conservative of Chicago banks. Also the Bendix corporations.

They appeared to have followed the advice that I gave several years ago to the Chicago Association of Commerce when it wanted to know whether to drop a few coins in the tin cup politely stretched out to it by Mr. Jung. Suspecting that he might not be on the level they commissioned the once notorious Secret Six, an unofficial snooping agency, to get the dope on him.

The Secret Six sent their investigator to me. I told him what I knew of Mr. Jung's early career as a scab herder and buster of American Federation of Labor unions in the firms that were members of the National Clay Products Association. I told how he had branched out into patrioteering when the anti-union flow was dribbling out and of the anonymous bulletins he sent out to his cash prospects. These bulletins libeled personages like Jane Addams and the Rev. John Haynes Holmes but legal procedure against him did not prosper because it was difficult to show that the courageous Mr. Jung had himself sent out the bulletins.

I told how Mr. Jung had dominated the Ham Fish investigation of Communist activities in Chicago in 1930 and how he had fought bitterly but unsuccessfully to keep American Civil Liberties witnesses off the committee's stand. My advice to the commerce association was that Mr. Jung was running a racket but they might as well give him a handout since they were running rackets too.

The Soviet Union seems to have Mr. Jung in a quandary. He raises money by painting terrible pictures of Communist rape and ruin to ladies and gentlemen of substance, but he is mortally scared when any of them propose going over there to see for himself some of the horrors he depicts. A couple of summers ago he got lists of persons booking for Russia and then called them on the phone and personally spoke to them, imploring them for their own hides' sake, not to make the journey. The Rooshians, he told them, had planned a massacre of all Americans in the U.S.S.R. for that very summer. Some tourists may have been scared off but one woman told me about her experience with Mr. Jung, went to the Soviet Union anyhow and came back another of those radicals he is seeking to extirpate.

In the smaller towns where he shovels his bunk down the open mouths of Rotary and Kiwanis lunchers Mr. Jung arranges private conferences with the more likely lambs. A useful aid in the technique of getting them to shell out is some really good liquor, which he carries. A newspaper reporter from a small town in a neighboring state was present when Mr. Jung in his hotel room was plying the commerce association manager with the bottle. When he reached the point of standing over the victim and asking in well-practised horror,

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"Do you want your daughter and the other fine girls of our country to be raped by the Reds?" the alcoholic fillip was said by the reporter to have been a great addition to the scene.

The Chicago Tribune's campaign against the new deal finds Mr. Jung a useful ally. By some quaint touch Mr. Jung describes himself as "honorary manager" of the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation. The Trib now regularly prints the honorary manager's portentous findings and on one occasion Publisher McCormick sent Mr. Jung to Washington so that John Boettiger, Tribune sniper on the capitol front, might have the benefit of his accumulated anti-radical wisdom. Yet the congressional committee, which was seeking to find out all about the Reds, found him a deserter at the zero hour. He treated his country's subpoena as a scrap of paper.

Other self-acclaimed patriots were similarly A.W.O.L. There was the brave and prolix Col. Hadley whose idea of making a book is like Honorary Manager Jung's idea of making a speech—stringing together an endless lot of unverified newspaper clippings and magazine yarns about his subject. Patriotic though Col. Hadley is, he had a most mortifying experience a few years ago. Long a strident member of the Advertising Men's Post of the American Legion in Chicago, he had to sneak out ignominiously when someone discovered that he had no right to belong. Col. Hadley is chief of the Paul Reveres, a recently revived patriotic aggregation characterized by the congressional committee as a racket. The committee wanted to find out more about the Reds whom Col. Hadley is vociferously combatting. Alas, the colonel could not enter an appearance before the committee. Alas, another A.W.O.L.

Then there is Clement Studebaker III, who has helped the Paul Reveres along. Clem was deep in genealogy or otherwise unavoidably detained when the committee subpoena went out. Clem did not appear. Clem also was A.W.O.L.

Gail Carter, former Illinois dragon of the Ku Klux Klan, now a Paul Revere, unfortunately could not come either on any of the three days the committee had subpoenaed him to appear. A.W.O.L. in distinguished patriotic company.

But Ray Warren, secretary of the Paul Reveres, showed up and made two important admissions: The first was that his organization forbids the Jews to join; and the second, was that he had no reliable information about the Reds. American Legion Commander Hayes is on the advisory committee of the Paul Reveres. So is Kohler, the Killer, of Kohler, Wis., former governor.

The Committee's investigations turned up a neat little demonstration of Marxian determinism. One of Honorary Manager Jung's big Jewish contributors in Chicago was approached by other parties for financial help to defeat Rep. McFadden of Pennsylvania, Republican, who is the most bitterly anti-Semitic man in Congress. No, said the prospect, McFadden is against our race but he is for preserving our property from the Roosevelt Socialists.

"Our investigation had disclosed," reads the committee's official statement, "not only in Chicago but in the whole country, that although huge sums are contributed for the purpose of combatting Communism by well-meaning persons, the most that has been done to combat this alleged menace is to hire people who act as fomenters in these (patriotic) organizations."

The committee naturally plays down the fascist menace because that is good Roosevelt politics. But in styling the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation and the Paul Revere patriotic rackets, Rep. Weideman voices the judgment of many others, liberals and conservatives as well as radicals.

P. S.—No sooner had the congressional committee ended its hearings than Honorary Manager Jung heroically returned to the city and issued the following communique: "I could present irrefutable evidence of the undermining of sound American institutions by radical and un-American forces. We have a great mass of evidence to show the extent to which our churches and our schools are being penetrated by radicals. We have photographic evidence," etc., etc.

The Battle of New Orleans

MICHAEL BLANKFORT

"GO TO hell!" said Governor O. K. Allen, of Louisiana, to Senator Huey P. Long.

"Caligula! Nero! madman . . . coward . . . pirate . . . Attila!" cried out Mayor T. Semmes Walmsley of New Orleans to Senator Huey P. Long!

"Lice! Parasites!" must have cried the one out of five who get nothing from the city or the state and $4 a month from the Federal government.

August 1. 15,000 were dropped from the relief rolls as "unemployables." The legislature passed a bill appropriating sixty-six cents to be given to each of the 15,000. Governor Allen ignored the bill and nothing was heard since.

New Orleans is the only large city in the United States which has not supplied one cent to unemployed relief. Broad united front jobless demonstrations have sent shivers up and down the spine not only of New Orleans and Louisiana, but also Washington. Robert Allen and Drew Pearson report that while Washington may laugh at the Long-Walmsley tempest, it gets hysterical hiccoughs whenever it turns its eyes on the steadily growing militancy of the jobless.

Behind the smoke-screen, behind Huey Long's fascist capture of New Orleans' political machine; behind his open defiance of Mayor Walmsley, and his fictitious break with his rubber stamp, Allen, the three of them, Long, Walmsley and Allen are doing a danse macabre while jointly and severally telling the jobless to go to hell.

A Crescent City in a Pelican State, mother of a Catholic domination, the old, Klan-like White League, scabrous shipping companies, Huey Long and Mardi Gras, New Orleans is just another alluvial deposit on the patient bosom of the Mississippi. The river winds around and above it like some contemplating dragon confident of its own strength. And bulwarked against the dragon are levees, the wharves, the shedded battle ring where Negro and white longshoremen are systematically exploited.

Strung alongside the wharves are oyster boats, fruit boats, banana boats, cotton tramps; open hatches gulping cotton, nitrates, fertilizer, canned goods, machinery; open hatches retching hemp from Mexico, coffee from Brazil, toys from Bremerhaven. The winches grind; set into power by some tall Negro. And the boom shoots out with bales of sand-colored hemp. Or the arched neck of a banana conveyor sinks slowly down the hatch, where, one by one, the green bunches of the fruit are loaded. You can watch them go up the endless chain, down the clanking chain, onto the waiting shoulders of banana boys.

"Hold 'em steady. Heah y'are." On the shoulders of banana boys. Thirty-five cents an hour, and the bunches weigh from sixty to eighty-five pounds each.

"Heah boy, number seven."

Number seven goes to Montreal. Seventy freight cars to be loaded by six tonight.

"Heah boy, number three." Three to San Antone.

"Hold it, boy." The checker slices off a rotten core with a razor-sharp knife.

"Hey you, nigger boy. Didn't Ah tell ya fo'teen?"

"Checka at fo'teen, he say sixteen."

Checker wheels him around. The banana bunch sagged seventy pounds on his shoulders.

"Ya get down to fo'teen and no back talk, ya black sonuvabitch."

Banana boy shifts bunch from right to left

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shoulder and tightens up his fist. Checker lifts his razor-sharp knife. Banana boy goes slowly down the shed to fourteen.

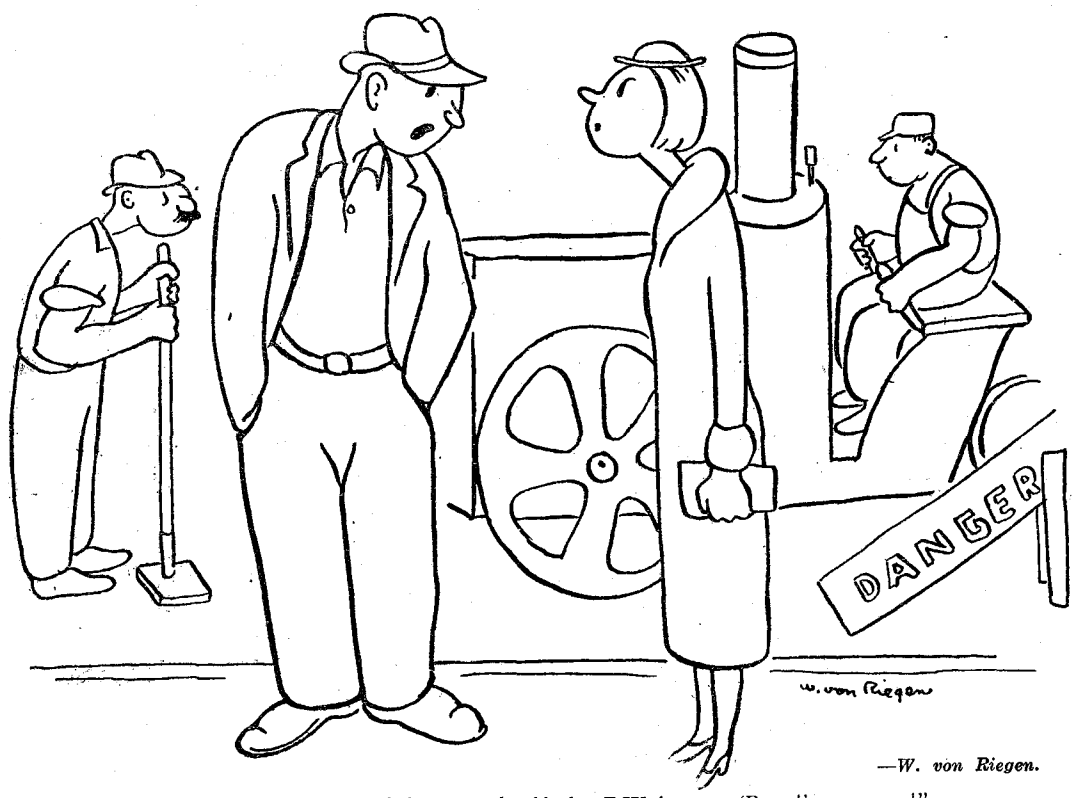
The checker is white. He gets a weekly guarantee whether the banana boats come in or not. The lines are drawn between those who work by the bunch and those who work by the week. The fruit trust sees to that.

And when Banana Boy was through, checked out and walked down Piety Street to Royal to get the trolley car home, the *For Colored Patrons Only* was filled. And he remembered when his wife was carrying and sick, and the *For Colored Patrons Only* was all taken up, and she couldn't wait any longer and slipped into a seat just right behind the sign. And he remembered that the sign came off, and how heavily it was loaded, and how it hurt her when slammed across her face. So Banana Boy sat on the curb and waited for the next car, the next one, and maybe for the third one because there were many other docks above the one on Piety Street.

New Orleans is a Catholic city. Shrove Tuesday, otherwise known as Fat Tuesday, or more euphoniously called Mardi Gras, is the city's most popular and best publicized institution. The days before Mardi Gras are a saraband of conspicuous consumption including all kinds of fancy and select balls, parades, masques and grotesqueries. Characterized by a magnificent un-selfconsciousness which is startling even for an American city, New Orleans revels with unsurpassed energy. The streets are ant swarms. The parades are gorgeous gingerbread inversions of American history or literature. Rex is king, and for the honor some double-chinned egomaniac pays from six to fifteen thousand dollars. The pageants of Comus, Proteus, and Rex spread through the city in all their masculine and gentile and Nordic elegance. Even the worshipful crowds which bludgeon their way across St. Charles Street, and up and down Canal are nearly all white. For didn't Mayor T. Semmes Walmsley offer a reward to anyone who could find a way to keep the "nigras" off St. Charles and Canal Streets? And don't the "good nigras" know their place and have their own King Zulu parade much to the amusement of their Nordic superiors?

How crammed the country-fair streets are in New Orleans on Mardi Gras. How lighthearted are the tourist hordes. But one out of every five natives is not so happy. One out of every five is unemployed. And the C.W.A. which has accomplished so public-spirited a thing as an exclusive golf course in the suburbs is rapidly disappearing to become no more than a memory. The poll-tax receipts which had to be bought in order to get near a C.W.A. job will be laid away until election, and the political machines will save the money with which they were purchasing these poll-tax receipts for their followers.

Canal Street is a long ribbon of side-shows. The tourists coagulate on corners, buy gin from pushcart peddlers, dance in the gutters, drift up and down Canal Street. The fat-backed tourists, the sweet, obscene finishing school lassies, the leadenheaded Ku Kluxers, the rapists, and the booming small business men who, enriched by the Negroes on Rampart Street, drift down from the Lee Circle section and, along with all the other Americans, watch the parades. And the few others also watch the parades; the sullen street car conductor off for the afternoon (remember the great street car strike), and the white longshoreman (remember the constant I.L.A. sell-outs), and the farmers uneasily forgetting for a day. When the day ends, when the ice-cream peddlers are lighting small flares the better to sell by, and the cheap masks are snatched from faces, when, finally, the last and biggest parade is over, the men know a street or two where there are other parades, in fact, where the parades never cease.



—*W. von Riegen.*

"What if it was paved last month—if the P.W.A. says 'Pave!' we pave!"

And because the men know where to go and this is a Catholic and sanitary town, the toilets are littered with warnings and the addresses of prophylactic clinics. Across Canal, up Bourbon Street to St. Louis, or to Conti Street, or to the Basin, men file along. There are no lights on these streets, the parades here are tramped in darkness. Here are the dark and night-driven attractions. Down one street after another, past a regiment of shutters criss-crossing the light within. Here are the two-bit houses and four-bit houses and even the two-buck beds. But the best house in town, the house for those who can afford the best, is next to Arnaud's, the most exclusive French restaurant in town. This is one industry the Chamber of Commerce has no statistics for. This industry pays well; pays right up through the Parish, to the City, the State, and Senate. Or so they say.

Fat Tuesday comes but once a year. The city cleans its skirts for the tourist, for the fat hog that is paraded through the streets. But the jails are crowded with the jobless.

New Orleans, the natives say, is a damned queer city. To get to the West Bank of the Mississippi you travel east. (The most recent reference book in the Negro library is forty-two years old.) The natives boast that any trolley car you take will carry you ultimately to Canal Street. (Negroes pay taxes but are Jim Crowed out of every public educational building in town.) Canal is the widest street in the U.S.A. ("Ah'll make conditions so hot heah for the nigger," the present Mayor is reported having said, "that every nigger mother'll have to eat her own child.")

New Orleans is alluvia built out of the river, built out of the Negro strength which piled the levee, laid the water pumps, carried its food and heat and wealth. It flourished once on cotton grown from Negro soil, and the terror, the heart-breaking, and the death. But now the long wharves which so few years ago were burdened with shipping are desolate. They echo and re-echo the sharp click of a hand truck rolling over the cement while carrying canned goods from two freight cars to a South American tramp, when once the long sheds were too choked with the dissonant overtones of heavy shipping to allow an echo.

The wharves stretch in anticipation. The elevators wait and the empty freight cars appear to be waiting. The banana conveyors, infrequently used, reach up and are waiting. The city *is* alluvia, built from death and the strength of those who died, but the city is also waiting and counting the days. The dark piles upon which the city is built are waiting. The legion of the hungry are counting the days. The charity lists grow longer, the shuttered streets sprawl larger, the Mardi Gras rises higher, the flames of the torches rise high in the night. The city is waiting and counting the days.

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Press-a-Button Counter-Revolution

DAVID RAMSEY

STUART CHASE, G. D. H. Cole, Lewis Mumford, the technocrats, and many others who like to boast that they follow "blindly" where the facts seem to lead irrespective of "Marxist orthodoxy," have for the past few years harped on the point that the advance of technology has "liquidated" the class struggle and the working class. Their deduction from this false premise is that consequently a new set of tactics must be evolved based on the striking powers of the "new middle class" — the technicians, the management experts, etc. An examination of the thesis of these middle class apologists for what Mr. Chase now likes to call "consumer capitalism" brings out the incorrectness of their position.

All of these "fact-mongers" have suddenly "discovered" the phenomenon of technological change. To an unbelieving world they announced the "astonishing" fact that machinery and techniques grow obsolescent, that they are continually modified and replaced by more efficient machinery and more advanced technique. From this social phenomenon, which Marx long ago described as the permanent revolution in the methods of capitalist production, the technology writers drew the following series of conclusions:

1. Capitalism has finally solved the age-old problem of production. All that is required for the world—or at least the United States —to enter into an economy of abundance is correct supervision by technicians and other experts. Then the poor will get rich, the rich will get richer, and everyone will live on an electrified Connecticut farm.

2. This miracle of abundance is entirely the result of innovations introduced by technicians during the last three decades. Stuart Chase puts this point in the following naive fashion: "Today the mental labor of technicians harnesses inanimate energy to create far more wealth in total tonnage than is created by manual labor."

3. Old-fashioned capitalism as we know it "is being liquidated under technological pressure" from middle-class experts and technicians. We are heading for a consumers' utopia where, according to Lewis Mumford, everyone will enjoy the comforts of a fixed income.

4. A corollary to Proposition 3 is that the same technological pressure is also "liquidating" the working class and that consequently the class struggle is out of date, a relic of "paleotechnic barbarism."

5. Marx was a pretty fair mind in his time, but modern technology has made his economics obsolescent. His social strategy must be overhauled to fit the facts of an economy of abundance.

6. Exponents of general strikes as a weapon leading ultimately to the revolutionary seizure of power by the working class are simply misguided disciples of Marx. In the United States and in other advanced capitalist countries the dominant force in society is the technicians. They could crush any general strike or revolutionary insurrection and bring the capitalists and the workers both to their knees, by simply going off to play tennis.

All of these propositions are flights into the realm of fantasy. The technology exponents are dreaming of how nice it would be to run a society where they would be headmen, and where the uncouth capitalists would have to take orders from lovers of flowers, garden-cities and handicrafts. But their day-dreams have an ugly objective result. They are picked up by the ruling class and disseminated wholesale for the purpose of keeping the middle class hostile to the proletariat. And secondly, they are used to discourage working-class action. Technology is portrayed as anti-proletarian. Especially now, with the strike wave gaining momentum daily, will these doctrines be propagated, since the general strike in San Francisco proved the falsity of every single one of them.

In the first place, capitalism has not created an industrial plant capable of producing an economy of abundance. The "overcapacity" of American industry in the twenties was an overcapacity in relation to the capitalist market. Certainly the workers and farmers of this country were not suffering from an over-abundance of goods. There was actually an acute shortage of housing, food and clothing, even when a minimum standard of health and decency is used to measure the effects. Mr. Robert R. Doane in the New Outlook (August issue) points out that "In the great prosperous year of 1929 the male population of the United States were supplied, on a per capita basis, with a bare one-third of a garment of new outer-wear." The same article discloses a shortage of 100,000,000,000 pounds of foodstuffs in the existing producing capacity of the American agricultural establishment according to a yearly per capita food budget drawn up by the Department of Agriculture.

Industrial and agricultural production must be stepped up if the 75 percent of the population who are now on, or below, a minimum standard of living are to enjoy an economy of abundance. Capitalism, however, can no longer step up production, if it is to survive. Its direction is towards greater and greater scarcity. Even the excellent plant equipment of the country is beginning to feel the effects of an economy geared to starvation and war. Some engineers believe that the industrial plant in the United States is 50 percent obsolescent and semi-obsolescent.

Capitalism has entered a period of the relative stagnation of technology. There are indications that the rate of invention is falling, at least relatively. Invention and discovery have as their objectives profits and mass destruction. On such a basis, technology as a whole must deteriorate, although certain phases of technique no doubt will advance considerably to meet the demands of the imperialists.

Thus an economy of abundance cannot be based on the present industrial plant, which meanwhile the capitalists are wrecking. It must be preceded by the proletarian revolution. On this social base the working class and its allies will rebuild and reconstruct the industrial plant of the country. All the present potentialities in technology will be fully realized only when the present fetters which shackle technological advance—profit and war —are destroyed. An economy of abundance is not merely a matter of technical achievement. Its prerequisites are a workers' and farmers' state and social economic planning. That planning is impossible under capitalism surely requires no further discussion, while the example of the Five Year Plan is conclusive proof that under the dictatorship of the proletariat the opposite is true.

In the second place, Proposition 2 makes modern technology come full blown from Edison and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Actually it arose on the foundations of centuries of previous discovery and technical knowledge. Modern technology arose to meet the demands of finance capitalism for profits from centralized industry. To increase profits on watered stock the big monopolies had to introduce technological innovations and plant rationalization. Of course, the process was an interacting one. Finance capital brought in its wake sweeping technical changes, and in turn these changes speeded up the process of the concentration and centralization of capital.

The onset of the present crisis had a reverse effect upon technology. A period of crisis was conducive to increased labor exploitation, instead of to investments in more machinery and plant equipment. In his study of *Recent Changes in Production*, Charles A. Bliss found that output per man during the five crisis years rose 27 percent as contrasted with a 40 percent increase during 1919 to 1929. He points out that most of this increased productivity is the result of the direct forcing of the pace of the worker, and not of the introduction of new machinery. Mr. Bliss says that "the recent improvement [in productivity] may be in large part the result of temporary organizational changes, of greater labor effort [read: speed-up] on the part of the more skilled workers remaining in employment, and the use of the best existing equipment. . . .

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These are factors probably far more important than the introduction of revolutionary mechanical innovations. . . . Little of the increased productivity since 1929 can be credited to the introduction of new machinery." Apparently we are witnessing the development of a new tendency—the reorganization of industry on the basis of an ever increasing speed-up, and not on the introduction of more efficient techniques.

Thus the trends toward remote control and the complete automatization of production are goals that were implicit in the whole development of technique and machinery, but they are goals from which capitalism, recognizing that their realization means its own destruction, is turning away. The fulfillment of the revolution in technique has come up against the barriers of capitalist social relations. It is no longer profitable, on the whole, to invest in new techniques. It is far more profitable to increase the exploitation of the workers through speed-up. But the crippling and killing of workers is no substitute for technical progress, even though they both pay dividends for a time. Consequently, technology as a whole and technicians are doomed to inevitable decay and destruction, until they are liberated by a social revolution which will destroy the capitalist relations of production.

Modern technical developments were accompanied by changes in the relation of labor to the productive processes that had a profound effect upon all social relations. The workers found themselves in larger and larger groupings as the size of factories grew. The ruthless inhumanity of the capitalist system was savagely accentuated by the conveyor system which forced workers to toil at a pace made unnecessary by technical achievement and dictated solely by sheer capitalistic greed. As a result of the advance of technology, the workers, as *workers,* not as craftsmen, became even more important to the profitable exploitation of society; and the compelled course of capitalistic exploitation in the present crisis emphasizes this truth.

The interdependent network that makes up modern society rests upon the efforts of the working class much more today than in the nineteenth century. Modern technology did not and is not liquidating the working class. Technological advance has not abolished the class struggle. It has accentuated every contradiction of capitalism; it has increased the horrors of class battles (vomiting gas, machine guns, etc.); it has forced changes in certain tactics of struggle, and modified somewhat the composition of the working class; but the proletariat and the class struggle have been liquidated only in the imagination of Stuart Chase and Company.

Take the question of the size of the working class. The census figures of 1930 indicate that around 70 percent of the gainfully employed were members of the working class. What technological change did was to increase the number of workers in the so-called service industries as compared with the number of workers in the manufacturing and machine industries. But even so, 28.6 percent of the gainfully employed were factory and mechanical workers. Fewer workers were engaged in the manufacturing industries in 1930 than in 1920, because the rate of exploitation had risen so much that fewer workers were needed to produce a much larger output of goods.

This does not mean that the strategic and dominant importance of the industrial proletariat is decreasing. On the contrary, its importance as the key factor in society has grown much larger. More than ever our highly equilibrated society is dependent upon the continual operation of machinery by workers. In the eighteenth century, or even perhaps in the nineteenth, society could have survived for a considerable period if all industrial plants stopped operating their machines. Today society is so complex, and so interdependent that if the industrial workers laid down their tools and stopped their machines, capitalist society could not function for more than a fortnight.

The increasing exploitation of the industrial worker has had a double effect . It has built up a reserve army of permanently unemployed workers whose increasing destitution makes them a menace to the existing order, if their protests can be concretized into action against the capitalists. On the other hand, it has increased the importance of the employed worker. If a single worker can now produce 30 times as much as a worker used to produce in the nineteenth century, that means the economic and social importance of that worker has increased approximately 30 times. It is easier to pull out 1,000 workers in one city than it would be to pull out 30,000 scattered in various places; and a strike of 1,000 mechanics and die workers in the automobile industry can tie up production in a way that 30,000 workers could not possibly have achieved fifty years ago. The rising productivity of the worker is an index of his increased exploitation. It is also a measure of the effectiveness with which the workers can strike back at the capitalists. All the strikes of the past two years bear out this important point.

Nor can the exponents of technology use the service industries as an example of the disappearance of the working class. A service station attendant, or a milk truck driver, may or may not wear a white collar. But they both belong, economically and socially, to the working class. The growth of the number of workers in the transportation and service industries is not a factor making for proletarian weakness, but for proletarian strength. Minneapolis and San Francisco have shown that a strike of a few thousand truck drivers can paralyze a city in 48 hours. The writer, for one, would like to see Stuart Chase and the Continental Committee on Technocracy tie up a city as effectively as was done by the striking San Francisco teamsters. In Milwaukee, the mere threat of pulling out the powerhouse workers, brought the immediate granting of certain demands to the striking streetcar men. The possibilities inherent in a national railway or sea transport strike are obviously so vast that further discussion of the important role of the service industry workers seems unnecessary. It is significant that despite Mr. Chase's claim of the technicians' industrial omnipotence, when San Francisco was turned into a "ghost city" by the workers, the capitalists called upon their labor lieutenants, and not upon the technocrats, to break the strike.

We see, therefore, that the advance of technology while increasing the effectiveness of capitalist terror has also increased the strength of the proletarian counter-attack far more. This is the key to the last propositions of the techno-dogmatists. The development of technology has not concentrated power so completely in the hands of the capitalists that all efforts to overthrow their rule are doomed to failure. Furthermore, we shall see that Communists are not faced with the job of overhauling their strategy of social conflict. Modern technique has confronted them with new problems of defense; it has provided them with additional methods of attack.

It must be emphasized that one of the products of technological advance is the complete dependence of society upon transportation and industry. It has also weakened the defense of capitalism when the latter is faced by an aroused and resolute working class. One of the lessons of the San Francisco general strike is that society is so constituted today that the workers have victory in their hands from the beginning, if they only stand their ground. But for the deliberate crippling of the strike by the American Federation of Labor bureaucrats, the workers could have beaten the capitalists to their knees within a week.

For example, by pulling out the pressmen and the typographical workers, the strikers would have silenced the venomous rage of the press. Strikes by railway workers and radio operators would have completely isolated San Francisco from the rest of America, and would have cut off the miltary forces from their supplies. The hysteria of the capitalists is indicative of how they feared the spread of the strike, of how little they believed that their thugs and cops and national guardlets could replace 140,000 workers.

The fundamental lesson of the general strike is not that it is doomed to fail, but that the general strike to succeed must spread and become complete. We can paraphrase Marx and say that to toy with the general strike is disastrous, but if it is pushed to the limit it can succeed. The German general strike in 1920 and the British general strike in 1926 prove the gigantic strength of a unified working class, if it is not struck from behind by traitors. The British workers had victory within their grasp when they were sold out by MacDonald.

What about the revolutionary seizure of power by the proletariat and its allies — has modern technology robbed the workers of their chances of success?

Here again technology reveals itself to be a double-edged weapon, with the advantages

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undoubtedly on the side of the workers.

Bourgeois experts contend that the advance of war techniques—poison gas, airplanes, high explosives—has made it possible for the ruling class to bomb or gas revolutionaries out of existence in a few minutes.

This analysis fails to point out that the modern war-machine is completely dependent upon the uninterrupted operation of industry and transportation. Disrupt any branch for a short time and the whole machinery of war comes to a halt. Consequently, the very strength of the war machine is its undoing when it is confronted by a strong and disciplined working class. The military effectiveness of the bourgeoisie has increased at the expense of its increasing dependence upon the working class for the successful operation of the war machine, which can only function when industry supplies its needs. These external needs of the military apparatus are supplemented by an internal need for mechanics, radio operators, and innumerable other skilled workers, a need that is increasing as armies and navies become more and more mechanized. One can hardly function in the air force or the navy these days without knowing how to operate a machine of some sort, and without having some sort of technical knowledge. The strike of the British sailors at Invergordon a few years ago demonstrated that the officers are the prisoners of their men, if the latter should rise against them. In similar fashion, a machine-gun company or a squadron of tanks or a gas platoon, are also dependent upon a great deal of technical skill, and could be tied into knots by a strike or a mutiny.

Add to the factor of the dependence of the armed forces upon skilled workers the fact that the counter-revolution in its efforts to put down the revolution would have to arm workers and farmers and sympathetic middle class groups who would turn their weapons against the counter-revolution. We get a picture of the counter-revolutionary forces in a constant state of disintegration from within as a result of working class propaganda, and of assault from without by the revolutionary armies. The former would be isolated from their vital industrial needs. They could not force the workers to run the few factories they might control—sabotage and resistance would soon destroy their value. Without supplies the counter-revolutionary armies would soon be disrupted by continuous mutinies within their ranks and the overt hostility of the civil population.

Nor would a sudden, sharp attack win victory for the counter-revolution. The terror of modern warfare would act as a boomerang that would drive the neutrals into the camp of revolution. Under the conditions of gas and aerial warfare, every person of the population becomes a target. This would bring about the disintegration of the potential forces of the ruling class as incendiary and poison gas bombs destroy the capitalist and middle class as well as the proletarian residential sections. It is impossible to control chemical and bacteriological weapons. You can no longer attack only working class quarters, while the inert bourgeoisie look on. Air raids and gas attacks would accelerate the movement of the petty bourgeoisie into the ranks of the proletarian revolution.

The counter-revolution might destroy some cities and some industrial centers. But cut off from industry and the major means of transportation, its weapons and supplies would be exhausted in a few weeks, while it had to fight the ever growing revolutionary forces. Under such conditions a revolutionary insurrection if properly planned and executed has the ultimate advantages on its side.

These comments are not meant to portray the actual tactics of the general strike and the proletarian revolution. These will be dictated by the material factors of the objective situation and by the temper and will of the working class. They do indicate, however, the essential falsity of those theories that claim that technological advance has destroyed the objective possibilities of proletarian victories. Modern technique does not deny victory to the working class; it merely demands of the working class and its leaders that they conduct more skillful struggles. If skillful tactics are used, then technology becomes a tremendous force on the side of the workers.

A California Summary

LEW LEVENSON

TO THE unimaginative reader, the simple statement that A, a striker, was shot; or that B, an organizer was beaten; or that C, a worker, was kidnaped, is like the distant echo of a thunderbolt. Many are the pealing reverberation he hears during a storm. Unless lightning and thunder blend in a deafening, blinding moment, he does not care. The danger is . . . off there.

Similarly the constant repetition of the statement that Fascism is approaching in America is exciting enough, although not nearly so stirring as the bald fact that Fascism is here. To many of you, Fascism seems beyond the horizon. The battles rage here and there, troops in Toledo, police murders in Cleveland, troops in Minneapolis, terror in Alabama. Storm across the political-economic weather map. A few are struck by lightning. The storm passes your vicinity. You, in your cosmic self-sufficiency, are safe.

I tell you that Fascism is here. We in California know it. Quite true, storm troopers do not parade our streets; stiff-armed salutes are not seen in public. But Fascism is here.

In California aspirants for the post of *Fuehrer* are many. Gov. Merriam had his day. Down in the Imperial Valley, A. N. Jack, chief of the growers, is It. In Los Angeles "Red" Hynes. In Sacramento, "Nit-Wit" McAllister, Inquisitor of Jimmie Cagney, Dolores Del Rio and Johnnie's Lupe.

What are the tactics of California Fascism? Let us see.

Death to traitors . . . meaning Communists, Socialists, Parlor Pinks and most union labor. Many votes were recorded at the state convention of the American Legion this summer. The idea was defeated. Another year is coming. A *Fuehrer* . . . then Death to Traitors.

Exile to Communists, Socialists, Parlor Pinks and most union labor. The Aleutian Islands suggested by some. Death Valley by others, notably Prof. Withagermanname who teaches Economics at the University of California at Los Angeles, a state institution.

Confiscation of property and denial of all civil rights to all leftists. This treatment was recommended by the National Commander of the American Legion, immediately following a report from Germany that the Nazis were planning such action against those who voted Nein in the so-called August plebiscite.

These are threats. Now for actualities.

You have naturally heard about the Vigilante and police raids on Communists during the general strike. You may be inclined to doubt that the tactics used at that time were fascist. You may point out that capitalism, harried on all sides by the dock and marine and general strikes, used temporary fascist tactics to break these labor down-tools movements.

Let us examine the facts.

In Los Angeles the right of free speech is denied except at three points. One is the Plaza, a park set in the center of an open space. Here Communist demonstrations have been permitted during the past year. The Plaza is in the center of a Mexican-Asiatic neighborhood, where English is seldom spoken or heard. In Hollywood at St. Andrews Place and Santa Monica Boulevard, meetings are permitted on Saturday nights. At San Pedro a vacant lot is assigned to such gatherings.

Only at the Plaza have Communist meetings gone unchallenged. There, however, squads of police guard the meeting. These police are armed with lengths of gas pipe, hardwood clubs, three feet long, tear gas bombs, billies, revolvers, sub-machine guns, etc. Detectives roam through the crowds. A

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photographer uses a miniature "candid camera" to snap pictures of those in the crowd and speakers.

These precautions are taken, despite the fact that no Communist has ever been convicted of carrying a dangerous weapon in any street affray.

The Saturday night meetings in Hollywood are supposedly permitted on the condition that the street be kept open, that a path be allowed for pedestrians on the sidewalks and that motor cars be permitted to pass. As a result no meeting can reach more than one hundred listeners. Violations of these conditions means instant breaking up of the meeting by the police.

The police usually break up such meetings by striking listeners on their legs with special "anti-Red" clubs. Recently agents provocateurs have been used to stop the meetings. On one occasion an old woman dashed into the crowd, slapped a speaker in the face. The meeting forthwith was broken up. On another week, numerous American Legionnaires, armed with clubs, beat everyone in sight, including several passers-by.

Street meetings are forbidden in the Imperial Valley. Tear gas has been used to break up meetings in halls. On one occasion, the fire department was used to flood a building. Similar tear gas and water attacks were used by the Los Angeles police to break the milk strike of last spring.

Lengths of chain were used by "Red" Hynes' squad in breaking up a protest addressed to the Los Angeles Superintendent of Relief on June 1. The Superintendent has since resigned under a cloud. The protestants were held in jail for two months before trial. Several were badly beaten. Three, upon conviction, have been sentenced to from two to two and one-quarter years in prison. Appeal is now being taken.

Beatings have been administered to radical and non-radical workers in all parts of the state. Vigilantes have beaten lawyer Grove Johnson half a dozen times, but he refuses to be intimidated. His companion in investigating a particularly brutal attack on a worker was a young woman of 19, wife of a Los Angeles organizer. She was beaten by Vigilantes, who kidnaped her and took her to a lonely washroom and attempted to rape her.

James McShann's testicles were smashed by police following his arrest on June 1. Britt Webster's head was placed between a "Red Squad" detective's knees and then twisted, in an effort to break his neck, following his arrest in San Pedro late in July. Thomas Sharp's right shin was repeatedly beaten with a long club until he suffered a compound fracture, a hemorrhage; his shoulder was dislocated.

In San Jose, the thirteen radicals in the Jess Tanner party were variously beaten with sticks and clubs, one was hung for a short time, pick handles were shoved into their rectums, their clothing was torn off, they were photographed nude.

Radicals' motor cars have been destroyed. The car of A. L. Wirin, Civil Liberties Attorney, was driven over an embankment in the Imperial Valley. In Richmond, near San Francisco, the car of E. H. Crooks was overturned and burned.

Most of the workers in the general street battles in San Francisco were shot in the back. Tear-gas bombs were hurled not at the sidewalks so as to confuse workers with fumes, but at their heads. Several suffered basal skull fractures.

Conditions of imprisonment under which radicals are held are made as difficult as possible. Bail for arrest on a technical charge of vagrancy has been raised as high as $2,000. Although those arrested were convicted of no crimes, they were treated much more harshly than habitual criminals. They were assigned not to cells but to bull pens. Reading matter was refused them. Their friends were not permitted to send them fresh food. Means of defense were circumscribed. Lawyers who appeared at the jails in an effort to talk to them have been threatened and in some cases beaten.

Radicals in the Imperial Valley have been held in solitary. A desert chain gang on Superstition Mountain toiled during the summer under temperatures ranging from 96 to 122 degrees. During the winter strikes, hundreds were held in stockades, as the prisoners could find no shelter in jails. During the general raids in San Francisco in July, many slept on jail floors. Mouldy food was their share.

Badly injured political prisoners have been discharged from hospitals without adequate treatment on the excuse that the beds were needed, as in the case of Thomas Sharp. Jails have been opened to Vigilante leaders so that prisoners about to be released might be identified and beaten up following the conclusion of their prison terms, as in the case of Tony Solzaro.

In the San Joaquin Valley, Gus Sartoris was given sixty days for suggesting to unemployed men in Mercedes that they form a union. Others have been arrested on various pretexts: drunkenness, disorderly conduct, selling the Western Worker, being a correspondent of the Western Worker, filing false statements as to names on petitions, theft of an automobile which later turned out to belong to the man arrested. The average of convictions has been 1 to 30. The ratio of those arraigned to those arrested is 1 to 4. The significance of these figures is that 29 out of every 30 arrests of radicals have no justification in the capitalist law. In three out of four cases, those arrested are not even arraigned before a justice. They are beaten up and sent home.

Beatings by police and Vigilantes are part of a carefully organized campaign of intimidation. During strikes, radical strikers are kidnaped and ordered to join A.F. of L. unions, as in the case of I. Wooded, who was kidnaped and beaten recently in San Pedro.

Onlookers at street meetings are mildly beaten, in order to frighten them away from future meetings. Property owners are visited by gangs and ordered not to rent rooms for radical meetings.

In the Imperial Valley all visitors passed inspection before entering the Valley from the west coast and were warned not to attempt to aid imprisoned radicals. Known Communists were turned back.

The police have resorted to gangster tactics of taking their victims for a ride. Many workers have been picked up by police in motor cars, taken riding, beaten and released with a warning.

In several cases, agents provocateurs have willingly accompanied union organizers to union headquarters, later reporting to the police that they have been kidnaped. In the milk strike, such tactics removed from the scene three union leaders. The charges of suspicion of kidnaping were never tried.

At the Mission Knitting Mills strike in Los Angeles, police held back a crowd while strikebreakers beat union organizers with lengths of gas pipe.

The police cooperation with roaming bands of thugs in San Francisco has been related elsewhere.

Mail addressed to radicals arrested in Sacramento has been opened and the contents, in one case a personal love letter, given to the daily press. Radicals in other California cities now address their mail in such a way that the authorities cannot spot it.

Use of public schools has been forbidden radical speakers. Their books have been burned in San Diego, quite as books were burned in Germany in 1933. Meetings of a Philosophers Club in a Berkeley church was broken up because a radical sympathizer was speaking. A speaker before a San Diego business men's club, Chester Williams of the I.L.D., was told to leave town following an address which he had been invited to make. A track meet of Los Angeles radical children was stopped by city authorities.

The building in which the press of the Western Worker was housed was fired by Vigilantes. Property damaged included electric light fixtures, pianos, mandolins, typewriters, so that, to quote a newspaper article, "Reds could not see to read nor write, nor play their battle hymn, the *Internationale,* nor to compose their treasonous propaganda."

The district attorney of Sacramento County is attempting to obtain an injunction against all "Reds, Pinks, their friends, sympathizers or contributors to their funds throughout the state of California." If the courts grant his plea, freedom of speech in California will be officially at an end. The crime of contempt of court will thus be added to the list of allegations against Communists.

As for death . . . you have heard of Dick Parker and Howard Sperry and others martyred in Cailfornia this year. As in Germany, the California Fascists know how to take life. No one has been punished for the deaths of numerous Cailfornia workers this year. Thus to the list of crimes of which the Fascists should be accused—but of which they are not—is added murder.

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Freed Land

(From the Diary of Li-Yan-Chen, Chairman of a Village Soviet)

APRIL 13.—The battle ended yesterday. The enemy was thrown back beyond the mountain ridge. Their forces were large and strong. Two regiments of the Kuomintang General Li-Tzi-Shen, three detachments of kulak forces, a band of hirelings paid for by the rich landowner Mabeen, owner of all the villages in the district. On our side were the third brigade of the Red Army, a detachment of Red Lancers (partisan peasants), and one detachment of the Young Guard. The battles were fierce. The old life struggling against the new—and the new life won. Landowners and generals were driven out of almost the entire district. The ruler of the district fled to town, and the rich peasants, kulaks, and big merchants grew tame.

We returned again to Baisha, which we had been forced to leave when the Social Democrats, who wielded considerable influence in the northwestern part of the Province of Futzian, succeeded in engineering an uprising of kulaks and landowners in several villages. The entire northern county of the district of Shanchan had been declared independent of the Soviet region. Uniting with the Kuomintang, and aided by white troops, the Social Democrats opened a campaign against the Soviets. The Soviet power held out for only six months. That was in 1931. We had to abandon almost the entire district of Shanchan. But now it is 1933. The whites have been thrown back all the way north and in my native village of Pei-Tsun there will wave once more the heroic banner of the Soviets! Pei-Tsun, the largest village, will be the county seat.

April 16.—Today we held elections to the village Soviet. The new word "Su-Wei-Wo," meaning "Soviet," is pronounced by many peasants as "Shi-Wei-Wo," which means "It is for me." This is really so. The peasants are learning more and more that the Soviet regime is the only one in China which cares for the welfare of the worker.

The meeting was held in the field. About 2,000 people were present. I was greatly pleased with the words of Yan-Show, the hired hand: "We must elect into the village Soviet only hired hands, poor, and middle peasants. There is no place for min-ta-ne [kulaks] here, for only we know the meaning of labor, and only we have felt real hunger."

I was elected chairman because the peasants said: "He is himself a hired hand and his father is poor. He fought for a long time in the Red Army. He must be our chairman." Thus did the former hired hand Li-Yan Chen become chairman of the Soviet in the village Pei-Tsun.

April 21.—I haven't slept for two nights. The Soviet is in session. There is only one question—the division of the land. But what a question! For hundreds and thousands of years the Chinese peasant strove to own a patch of land so as to be free of the landlord's yoke. But only the Soviet regime brought freedom to the peasant and gave him land. Landowners and rich peasants always had the best fertile lands. They took for themselves the rivers and canals which watered the fields. They owned thousands of buffaloes for ploughing their soil. We took all that from them. We drove the landlords out of the villages, and some of them we even sent further—to their ancestors. We granted the rich peasants the right to live and work according to our laws, but we gave them poorer land and made them till the land themselves. However, we took from them their spare ploughs and harrows. The rich peasants are sullen and angry, but they obey.

We divide the land according to the number of workers in the family, with extra lots for children and old folks.

April 23.—Today, in the field where we hold our parades and meetings, there is a session of the revolutionary tribunal of the Third Red Army Brigade—on a special mission from the City. They will try one of the Social Democratic leaders of Shanchan who, after our occupation of the district, remained there to sabotage. The Social Democrats began their counter-revolutionary work in 1931, when young Soviet China was struggling against Leftism. The Leftists had no understanding of what was going on about them. If it is revolution, they thought, then it ought to go the limit. In the backward Chinese villages, amid the terrible poverty, ruin, and remains of feudalism, they began to organize collective farms and force peasants into them. Without stopping to consolidate their gains, they kept on advancing eagerly to district towns. As a result, they were beaten and crushed, which, of course, helped and pleased the whites.

Such, then, were the favorable circumstances which gave birth to an alliance between the Social Democrats, the anti-Soviet bloc, and the Kuomintang. The Social Democrats penetrated into the village Soviets, Red Army units, and land commissions. In dividing the land they gave the rich peasants the better portions; they did not confiscate the land of the rich and often left the poor peasants without any land. In the villages the Social Democrats would say: "A peasant who owns more than three hens and two pigs is an enemy of the revolution." Then again they would say: "The Soviet system demands of every peasant that he change his wife every six months." The result was that many peasants fled from the Soviet regions.

In the Red Army they instigated desertion and treachery among the soldiers. Everywhere they had but one aim: to keep the masses away from the Soviets and Communists. But the masses remained with us.

April 25.—A peasant came to me today and said: "Why do you divide the land according to the number of workers in a family? It should be divided according to the number of people who own tools. Without ploughs and buffaloes it is impossible to plough the land the Soviets give you." I explained that the Soviets would help in the tilling of the land by supplying ploughs and buffaloes. He shook his head unbelievingly, and left.

This is the propaganda of the rich peasants. Still owning many tools, they can hire hands. We restrict them everywhere and they begin a desperate struggle. Such propaganda is their main weapon.

At a village Soviet meeting a rich peasant stepped forward and said: "The Red Army should not be given any land because they will then want to return to the village; they will fight half-heartedly, and finally quit the army."

In answer to this bit of propaganda, another peasant said: "Most of our Red Army men are peasants. They fight for the Soviets because they know that it is the Soviet regime which gives land to them and to their families and thus saves them from starvation."

Today our village chose a propaganda committee composed of one Communist, three Young Communists, and one Red Army man who was not a member of any party. This committee will explain the new Soviet laws to the peasants, and will fight all propaganda by the rich peasants.

April 27.—The sowing season is in full swing. We plant wheat, maize, pumpkin and rice. "Not a patch of unsown land," said our Soviet government. We carry out this order. The completion of the sowing must be reported by May 1.[1]

The recently organized district plough-and-buffalo station is giving us much help. With the tools and buffaloes taken from the rich landowners, the station was organized.

Did you ever hear of a buffalo marching over a poor peasant's land and turning chunks of earth with a fine iron plough? It never happened here before. But it is happening under the Soviet.

When I am asked about my father, I answer: "My father Fou-Li-Chan died working like an ox. I do not say this as a figure of speech such as 'died like a dog,' or 'worked like a horse.' No; I am speaking literally.

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1 To that effect we agreed to a Socialist competition with the neighboring village.

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My father died while harnessed to a wooden plough with which he was turning the sod —he was replacing an ox. It was beyond the power of a poor peasant like my father to obtain an ox from the landowners. Thus life changes. No wonder that the hieroglyphics which stand for the word revolution also mean "change life"—"Giz-mein."

The plough-and-buffalo stations will give buffaloes, ploughs and harrows to hundreds of formerly landless peasants.

May 1.—Today, on a large sandy field about a mile away from the village, we held a grand parade and meeting. About three thousand came, including peasants and delegates from nearby villages. In the parade marched a detachment of our young guard which does duty at the border of the White region, detachments of peasant partisans, and the pioneers. It was a glorious sight. There was no music except for two horns, and a big drum mercilessly pounded by a young pioneer.

Comrade Pyn, secretary of the district party committee, came for the occasion. He spoke briefly, but warmly: "The fight is not over yet, comrades! Don't go to sleep, brothers. Keep your guns always at hand and teach your wives and children to use them."

That is true—the enemy is sly and strong. We must always be on our guard, and ready at a moment's notice to defend our liberty and our land.

Today, May 1, we reported the completion of the sowing of wheat and maize. There was a delay in the rice planting—we ran short of seed. The war eats up a lot of rice, but what can we do? We must give our last to the Red Army, our defender.

May 3.—The First of May holiday was a huge success. Most of the peasants had never heard of such a holiday before. Long before May 1, the Communists and Young Communists of our village and of the district had explained its meaning and significance. "May 1, Day of Struggle and Labor!" our pioneer propaganda committee kept shouting in the streets. "May 1 — battle-meeting of worlds oppressed," "Long live the U.S.S.R., Fatherland of all workers!" These slogans were written in huge letters on red cloth and hung on all streets.

I almost forgot to mention in my diary an important event which occurred on the eve of May 1. A cooperative for the collective cultivation of the soil was formed. This is important. The peasant, having just received his long-coveted parcel of land, treasures it zealously—every inch of it; thus the entrance of a hundred peasants into a collective is a great change in the nature of the peasant. This cooperative will help the plough-and-buffalo station in serving the other peasants.

May 15. — I read once in the Shi-bao (Truth) about Dnieprostroy, the big dam, built in the Soviet Union. We are building our own Dnieprostroy. The Soviet dam lights hundreds of villages and supplies factories with power; our little dam will only hold back the waters of the river Pei-Chi when, in the spring and fall, the river overflows its banks and sweeps over the fields, drowning man and beast.

The dam was the dream of the peasants of the whole region. Three years ago more than 5,000 silver lans were collected, but the money vanished into the pockets of the landowners and city officials, while every year the river continued to drive the peasants and their households into the mountains. The Soviet immediately conquered the mountain torrent Pei-Chi and forced it to serve the laboring peasantry. Now it is clear to everyone that only the Soviet power will maintain the canals and the entire irrigation system. No longer will rice shrivel up and die during the dry season. No longer will the harvest grow smaller. The cause of the peasants' struggle for water has disappeared.

May 19.—Almost every week our village has a celebration or some kind of unveiling. That is not bad—it shows that we are progressing. Today a little house in the center of the town is decorated with green and red flags. A streamer runs through the entire street reading: "Formerly only the gentry mastered Science; now the workers and peasants are mastering it." Little men in large red collars are moving about the house. They are the pioneers, the students of the Lenin school which is now being opened. In Soviet China science is now at the disposal of the masses. The school will be open day and night. By day the children will attend, and at night the adults.

May 25.—The Chinese Soviet Government is floating a three million dollar loan. Subscription campaigns began yesterday. It is amazing; hardly a peasant will refuse to subscribe. An old lady of seventy heard of the loan; she gathered a few pennies from her son and brought them along. Two days netted $350. There are 70,000,000 of us peasants and artisans in Soviet China. If everyone will give only five or ten cents there will be at least $700,000 in the fund. As it is, many are giving fifty cents, and besides, money is coming in from the workers and peasants of Kuomintang China. Peasant and worker, petty trader and artisan, they all know that this loan will strengthen their right to work and live. It will permit the Soviet Government to develop cultural activity and will help our Red Army to repel the sixth campaign of Chang-Kai-Shek against the Soviets.

June 1.—Today, at 6:25 p.m., the river police arrested a foreigner on the banks of the Pey-Che. He was photographing the dam and the village. His name was Edwin Roy, an Englishman, a correspondent for a large English newspaper. At first we thought he might be a spy or a missionary, but it turned out that he was really a newspaper man. He spoke of the dam in glowing terms. "Friends," he said, "never before have the poor Chinese peasants been able to build their own dam!" We trust little the seeming delight of this gentleman. Well do we know the price of such raptures! Yet it is clear that this foreigner is impressed by our Soviet life.

June 10.—You would not recognize our public square. Red flags and placards are waving and flapping; swiftly-erected trading-booths and stores on wheels stretch out in long rows. Heavy carts are bursting with green vegetables.

The Square is roaring with sounds from hundreds of throats. It is inviting the peasants and artisans of the entire county to come and trade at the big bazaar. Today is the opening of the red fair. Even the traders from the Kuomintang region come to this fair.

The big drum of the sweets-seller is beating. The gongs of dry-goods dealers are ringing, and huge pitch-pipes are calling to the peasants and workers to come and have their heads and beards shaved.

In the center of the Square is the Juggler. He is introducing his acrobats—two clever monkeys—to the smiling crowd.

The bean-oil is crackling in the frying-pans; a hand is quickly gathering long threads of vermicelli by means of a pair of sticks.

Our young cooperative has a place of honor at our first Soviet fair. It sells salt, books, newspapers, rice and tea. Enterprising Young Communists and pioneers organized a puppet show. There are crowds jostling around it continually. The puppets represent a landowner, Chang-Kai-Shek, and a Red Army man. The Red Army man beats his enemy constantly, calling forth much applause and laughter from the happy crowd.

Such fairs are becoming more and more frequent in Soviet regions. The Kuomintang and Imperialists wish to organize an economic blockade against Soviet China. But they will not succeed. The merchants of the whole region bordering on ours find trade with the Reds profitable. No wonder. Our peasants are much better off than those of the white region. All our peasants have land and that also means money.

June 15.—The song I would like to record in my diary is very simple. The pioneers sang it yesterday while planting saplings at the foot of the mountain Gao-Jan. The struggle against deforestation is a grave and important business. Our mountains are bare. The forests that grew on them were cut down by the landowners and sold to the cities. During the heavy fall rains there is no check on the mountain streams because the forests have been cut down. The forest is also important because it retains moisture in the earth, not permitting the earth to dry. The Soviet is fighting deforestation — it is planting new trees. The pioneers help considerably in this work.

And so the pioneers, while planting little trees, sing this song: "Down with landlords, down with gentry. Long live the agrarian revolution!" The peasants like this song.

"What is an agrarian revolution?" I asked one of the peasants who was singing. He said: "It is *land* which I did not have before, but possess now." That is very true. The agrarian revolution gave him not only the land, but freed him from the oppression of the landowners and the robbery of the usurer.

I read once that in Western Tsiantsi there

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are special rules governing the fight aganist the usurers. The rules read: "If a rich man owes a poor man, the debt must be paid. If a poor man owes a rich man, the debt must not be paid." That is fine. Usurers must be done away with like the most harmful insects. Our district organized a workers' and peasants' bank. It lends money to the peasant, but is not permitted to charge more than 1 percent. A workers' and peasants' bank is the strongest weapon we have against the usurer.

June 17.—Yesterday I visited a neighboring village, with which we also have an agreement for socialist competition. I went there to attend the Soviet meeting. In that village I saw a marvelous thing: on the walls and gates of several houses, and on the temple by the roadside, there were blazing placards. In half-illiterate hieroglyphics the placards proclaimed: "Do not shut your gates at night." and "If you lose something on the road, no one will touch it." I liked particularly the placard on the temple. It read: "In a state that has no vacant land there are no wandering men in the fields." I was very much impressed by these placards and asked the chairman of the village about them. He explained: "Formerly we had many thefts in the community and once we even had a murder. But when the Soviet finally established itself here we called several large meetings of the peasants. We told them: "The land is ours, the houses are ours, the bread is ours, in fact, everything is ours. Therefore anyone who steals prevents the Soviet power from abolishing poverty." Since that time, that is, two months ago, we have had but two thefts." That is fine propaganda. We must spread this throughout the county.

June 29.—All these days I have had no spare time. In the Loon-tan region the Kuomintang army broke through into Soviet territory. General Jan-Jen united with the army of Sien-Chan-Bien and advanced on our county.

At present there is only one short day's march between ourselves and the front. A Red Army brigade has already gone forward. In the villages we are organizing a detachment of the Young Guard, and placing sentries on the rivers. In two of our villages we organized the peasant women into several laundry brigades, two Red Cross units, and three units to sew underwear for the Red Army.

General mobilization has been declared. On the Square a big meeting will be held today. The commander of the Red Army detachment whose task it is to defend this county will himself speak. We, the armed peasants, as well as the women auxiliaries, will go with this detachment.

We are leaving behind only a small corps of guards to defend the village. Almost all the people are going to the front. The old, the lame, the ill, the very young, and the pregnant women remain behind. We put aside hoe and sickle and pick up rifles. But we will be back soon. We will defend our Soviet land.

I am writing my last words. I put aside my brush. Before the last drops of ink have dried in the bottle, I shall return again to my native village, Pei-Tsun.

Pacific Mills

MARTIN RUSSAK

It hurts the eyes, Pacific Mills, it hurts
To lift them here and look at you, Pacific Mills,
Dead black against the setting sun, your upper lines
Brimming with dazzlement of blazing light,
Your twin bell-towers pouring orange flame
Through their open steeples, and your thousand window-panes
Flashing reflected crimson from the sun-struck mills
Of the further bank.
Even the Merrimack that flows between is fired
To purple and to polished rose.
What is it makes me pause upon the bridge,
Amid the Lawrence mills?
What is it makes me see them as though never seen before
By any eyes? The mills of Lawrence!—
Five on the north bank, five on the south,
Now strangely radiant in the keen glorious clarity of sunset glow.

It is the end of the day-shift, the surging multitude
Of workers presses homeward across the bridge
More eagerly and yet with heavier steps
Thronging toward the sunset than they came
Hurrying into the sunrise and the mills.
In troops of chattering women they stream across,
And men whose talk is but a word or nod,
And bold-eyed girls in laughing bands who find
Laughter where everyone else finds tears and gall,
And youngsters listening to a buddy tell
How he spoke up to the boss that afternoon
And told him where to get off at, curse for curse,
And here and there a man, as he stumbles along,
Holding our Communist leaflet, just received
At the mill-gate, and hard to read, before his eyes.
They jostle me and wonder no doubt as they pass
What can a fellow be doing like that on the bridge,
Moping over the rail at supper-time
Like one who hasn't a thing to do or a care to forget,
His cap pulled down to shade the sunset glare,
Gaping at the dead Pacific Mills,
Where no one even goes to look for a job anymore.

It hurts more than the eyes, Pacific Mills,
To think of what you signify
In all your emptiness and death;
And again to think
Of what in your productive days
You meant to the generations of our class,
When all your looms and spindles and machines of work
Roared night and day upon the Merrimack,
And we produced for farthest peoples of the world
The famous cottons of Pacific Mills.
Once your gates, too, were thronged at evening and dawn
With laughing girls and chattering women-folk,
With fearless youths and thoughtful men, and on the bridge
At supper-time, the surging multitude
Of workers, now in one direction bound, would press,
More numerous then, in both directions bound.
Ah yes, the wealth and power of our toil remains

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Still for the surfeit and ease of those who owned—
Invisible overlords and visible overseers!—
You and our vigor and cloth, Pacific Mills.
Nothing remains for us who toiled to wrest
From your chambers of work a meager livelihood,
Nothing but hunger and want and desolation;
And in the City Ditch upon the hill
Are buried before their time the older folks
Who slaved their lives away within these walls.
The peoples to the farthest precincts of the world
Are ragged, and thousands of us in rags,
Here in your very shadow, Pacific Mills,
The best of spinners, weavers, carders in the land,
Are kept from weaving, neither may we spin,
So that our masters may be profited.
Well, they have profited and we are idle too—
We here with empty hands and you,
A huge, disused, abandoned hulk
Against the sunset of a dying world.

The bells still hang in the bell-towers,
But never ring for work.
The chimney rises between them
With never a coil of smoke.
The iron bars on the windows
Guard but an inner void.
Pacific Mills! A black fortress
Of shadow between life and light.

The Boston bus rolls hollowly across the empty bridge,
Ending with drowsy passengers its homeward run
Through Malden, Reading, Wakefield, Andover.
The surging multitude has passed the bridge,
Leaving me mournfully washed up against the rail
Under the darkening walls of Pacific Mills.
The single stream of masses, pushing on,
By now has spread in driblets through the town,
And scattering into single tired folks
In separate tenements at supper-table
They eat in silence or in angry talk relate
The troubles of the dying day—and now
How many hands are smoothing out, how many thoughtful eyes
Inspect our leaflet! There in the tenements of the town
Its brave sharp leaping words are stirring up
Imagery and hope of action in anxious minds.
Like lights that need but the igniting touch,
Knowledge of power, foreknowledge of mastering revolt,
Remembered flaming visions of the Lawrence strikes—
The strikes of Lawrence!—
Emblazon the troubles of the dying day,
And images of the future haunt the immediate words.

The gulls, too, fetch their supper
From the Merrimack below,
Here at their favorite spot
In unmolested peace
Riding the waters of their roadstead
And perching undisturbed
By any stir of life
On the window-ledges of the Mill,
Their inland, lightless, pacific
Acropolis to Atlantic storm.

But in the mills of either bank the lights are on,
In bright rows gleaming, though with gaps of night
Between the rows, for they too sicken and die
Toward the darkness of the Pacific Mills.
The sleepy night-shift that has slept by day
Is moving singly and in scattered groups
Back over the bridge and the black Merrimack
To man the combers and spindles, the looms
And card machines—dim forms of men;
To them the sunset is the dawn of day
And sunrise signals end of work and sleep.

Pacific Mills! Your darkness stains
The dark night and your silence palls
The passing river and the busy town
Behind your shadow of death—and yet
Is there not light that seems to hover here
Like phosphorus in dead wood? Do I not see
The generations of the workers of Lawrence surge with song
And laughter and cries and shouts of wrath
Around you and the mills of Lawrence in the strikes
Of Lawrence? Do I not see
The spirit of that youth the soldiers slew
Beside your walls in strike-time now on guard
Up on your towers, watching through the night
For the red signal that will make him leap
And ring your bells, O, ring your bells at last!
Death is for you and yours, silence for you and yours;
Joy and creation are with us alone;
The toiling generations through the years
March deathlessly to storm your walls and seize
Empire of you for freedom and for life.

Be patient on the towers, youthful spirit,
We know you wait on guard; good-night, so-long;
I go; good-night; I pass,
Pacific Mills, your shadow; I go to join
My comrades in the busy town beyond.
So-long! The meetings of the evening start
And there is much to do,—
Our little band that makes articulate
The mass; our growing band forever wakefully on guard,
Eyes of the giant body of our life,
Set high and wisely in the frame of toil and strife.

For like the rainbow that we sometimes see
After a summer storm from Prospect Hill
While trudging homeward at the end of work,
Bestriding the east, one foot on Andover
And one foot south of Boston; so now we see—
Unquenchably aglow through day and night,
Through shine and blinding storm serenely bright—
The Red Rainbow of our flaming visions, aloft, alive,
Tremendously astride the whole world's East:
The image of our future that is here!

The passing river passes and is still with us,
And still shall be; yet it comes down from far
And flows through many towns and cities of men,
Washing the walls of many mills—the mills
Of Manchester and Nashua and Lowell
And here the mills of Lawrence and below
The mills of Haverhill, and so out to sea,
Where meeting in Atlantic many streams,
Perhaps beyond, beyond, at the Red Rainbow's foot,
It mingles its eager waters from America
With those bright morning waves that bathe and wash
The free shores of the land of Soviets.

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Ivory Towers—White and Red

I: *History versus Hysteria*

JOSEPH FREEMAN

IN A RECENT issue of the Daily Worker, Albert Halper raised some important questions affecting revolutionary literature in the United States. It is a healthy sign that a novelist like Albert Halper has moved so rapidly to the left, that he talks today in terms strikingly different from his *Union Square* which Michael Gold sharply and justly attacked as a slander on Communism. It is gratifying to see Halper now concerned with the problems of our movement. He is symptomatic of a large group of talented writers who have developed similarly in the past two years.

It is also gratifying to see Halper exhibit a quality which we should particularly prize: frank, courageous criticism. We need it, and just now we need it especially in our literary movement. Halper tells us that in private conversations with left-wing writers they "admit" the weaknesses of Marxian critics; but, he says, "they are too timid to come forth and grapple with the matter." Halper is not timid. He comes forth and grapples with the matter. And the matter as he sees it, is astonishingly simple. The Marxian critics are "intellectually lazy." And he is afraid that when worth-while revolutionary fiction appears, the Marxian critics will not be prepared to defend that fiction against the reactionary reviewers.

Halper indicates a crucial problem which our criticism must solve, but unfortunately he formulates it incorrectly; he shows no awareness of the dynamics of our literary movement as it has developed in the past ten years. It is not the fault of Marxist critics that younger writers are ignorant of this development, nor is it the fault of the writers. This ignorance is not due to a lack of published material. A collection of Michael Gold's literary articles, which have had a profound influence on writers coming to the left, would easily make up a book of five-hundred pages; I could collect my articles on literature published in the past ten years into a book as large; we could gather the critical pieces of other revolutionary writers published during the formative period of our movement to make up a third good-sized volume. These pieces were published when the "fence-sitters," as Halper calls the fellow-travellers, were elsewhere. In so far as literary criticism has any influence on writers, the writings of the Marxist critics have profoundly influenced even the "fence-sitters," let alone those writers who have decided to come off the fence and join the revolutionary proletariat. We do not exaggerate the importance of literary criticism. We know that what impelled writers toward the revolutionary movement was not literary criticism, but the collapse of capitalist economy. Yet criticism plays an important role in the development of literature; it is the bridge between imaginative writing and general ideas, between the poet and the public; or to employ less antiquated categories, between creative writers and the class for which they speak. When one sets out to estimate Marxist criticism in America, one ought to have some notion of the objective facts involved.

It is not the fault of the Marxist critics in this country that no publisher would get out collections of their essays. Publishers primarily serving the working-class have limited funds; and however important it may be to issue literary essays, it is much more important to use those limited funds for the publication of Lenin's works or the studies of American economic life prepared by the Labor Research Association. And until recently no bourgeois publisher would touch a Marxist book. There was no "market for it." There was and is a market for slanders on Communism; men who know nothing about the revolutionary movement and hate it have been able to publish books distorting the facts about revolutionary literature here and abroad; the imprint of respectable publishing firms and the plaudits of the reactionary press have been reserved for those whose discussion of revolutionary literature is on the low level of hysterical abuse and personal libel. Today, thanks to the heroic battles of the American workers in San Francisco, Minneapolis, and other cities, and thanks to the radicalization of the American intelligentsia under pressure of the crisis, the bourgeois publishers think they see a "market" for left-wing writers. Proletarian literature is all the rage; writers who have been neglected for a decade because they were "only" Communists are having their books published. No distinctions are made since all that is important is the "market." This state of affairs is bound to be temporary; soon the publishers will close their doors more tightly than ever to revolutionary writers. Meantime there is this brief opportunity for such writers to reach a wider reading public.

But until this temporary "market" for left-wing literature came into existence, the Marxist critics, a handful of men until very recently, were compelled to propagate their ideas in all the available *ephemeral* forms. They published articles and book reviews in THE NEW MASSES and the Daily Worker; they lectured; they taught classes in the Workers' School; they agitated among writers in private conversation; they edited publications; they read and re-wrote other people's books and articles; they gave their time and energy without stint and without reward and without intellectual or physical laziness to other writers and to numerous organizations in the hope of developing a widespread movement for revolutionary literature. They worked with methods inevitable in a period when organization and agitation were of paramount importance, and when all but the revolutionary publications were closed to them.

Today the movement for an American revolutionary literature is growing rapidly; many gifted writers are devoting themselves to the cause of the proletariat. But each new phase of our development raises new problems. The importance of Halper's piece—since he talks not merely for himself, but for left-wing writers too "timid" to talk for themselves—lies in its indication of some of these problems; its weakness lies in its failure to "grapple with the matter" politically. For Halper voices not only the "timid" left-wing writers, whoever they may be, but middle-class critics who claim that the Communists give no thought to fundamental problems of American life and culture. This is a widespread prejudice; it exists because of an anterior prejudice. In bourgeois literary circles, nobody is presumed to think about a problem unless he writes about it; and nobody is presumed to have written anything unless it is published in the bourgeois press. And since Communist writers do not, as a rule, publish in the bourgeois press, *ergo:* they do not write or think about the fundamental problems of American life and culture. The fact that this prejudice is current among certain left-wing writers shows that they still are more acquainted with and more influenced by bourgeois than by revolutionary literature.

This prejudice prevails partly because the Marxist critics have failed to publish fundamental works. Only the most limited effect can be achieved by fugitive pieces. It has been easier for professional foes of our movement to achieve a wider hearing by plagiarizing from our fugitive pieces and getting them out, vulgarized almost beyond recognition, in book form. The book is the heavy artillery on the so-called "cultural front," and we have been deficient in that ordnance. If only one Marxist critic had failed to write basic books, one might indulge in personal accusations and argue Halper's profound explanation of "intellectual laziness." But when all the Marxist critics active in the movement for the past seven or eight years are in the same fix, we must look for something deeper.

In the summer of 1932 I submitted to the John Reed Club a list of proposed books and pamphlets to be done by various of our writers. These books and pamphlets were to be: (1) *Politics and Poetry:* a study of the relation

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between art and social-economic forces, with special emphasis on the United States; (2) *The Bankruptcy of Liberalism:* in economics, politics, philosophy and literature, with a program for the "way out"; (3) A study of "science at the crossroads" throughout the world, in the United States and in the Soviet Union; (4) *Class Justice:* a study of the Mooney, Sacco-Vanzetti, Scottsboro and other cases showing the role of law in capitalist society and its relation to the various social classes; (5) *Painting and Politics:* a study of the Mexican art movement for such lessons as it may furnish regarding the relations between art and politics; (6) an analysis of contemporary American philosophy from the Marxist viewpoint; (7) Ten Marxist essays about leading American writers such as Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken, Michael Gold, Ezra Pound, John Dos Passos, Floyd Dell, T. S. Eliot, chosen not merely on the basis of literary merit, but as typifying specific social trends; (8) The American movies; (9) A study of the American press: bourgeois, liberal and working class; (10) An analysis of various planning schemes proposed to save American capitalism; (11) The American workers: a study of labor conditions and struggles in the United States; (12) The American Empire Today—an analysis of American imperialism in its present stage; (13) Latin America Today.

Some of these subjects were subsequently treated in fugitive pieces; none, except Harry Alan Potamkin's pamphlet on the films, appeared in more extensive and permanent form. And we knew the reason for this serious shortcoming. Because only a handful of trained writers were in the movement in 1932, all the work of agitation, education, organization, editing, journalism, speaking, et cetera on the so-called "cultural front" fell upon the shoulders of these few. We all realized this and said: it is too bad; some day enough writers may come left for us to be able to distribute the work properly; some day these books will be written, and perhaps we shall get an opportunity to write some of them. Just now there is a lot of organizational and agitational spade-work to be done; let's go to it.

Lest it be thought that I am merely rationalizing, that I am refashioning the past to suit the needs of the present, I offer below part of a long report which I read before the John Reed Club on November 4, 1932. That report attempted to discuss problems current at that time; but from Halper's complaint it appears that some of those problems are current today. It may be useful at this stage of our development to recall what those problems were and how some of them have been solved, in order that the unsolved problems and the new problems confronting us today may be seen in their proper perspective.

II: *Perspectives of 1932*

BELOW is part of a report I submitted to the John Reed Club on November 4, 1932. I am publishing it for the first time because of the important problems in our literary movement raised by the "fence-sitters."

From the 1932 report these salient facts emerge: (1) The organized movement of revolutionary writers and critics has for years been discussing certain problems which appear important for the first time to the "fence-sitters"; (2) the reason why so few sustained and fundamental *books* have come out of our movement is that nearly all of our writers have been until recently engaged in the spade-work of building that movement; (3) our writers wanted some release from organizational and agitational activities in order to write, but subordinated their desire to the immediate needs of the period; (4) certain problems which existed in 1932 and 1933 have now, to some extent, been solved; other problems have assumed new forms.

From now on, without quotation marks, the rest of this section consists of the 1932 report abridged.

Comrades: It is now a year and a half that we have been meeting more or less regularly to discuss various aspects of our struggle on the cultural front. These discussions have never been recorded, and it is therefore impossible for us to estimate their number, but certainly there were very many of them; and nearly all of them revolved over and over again around the same problems. Each of us has stated his particular position many times; general agreements were sometimes reached; the situation continued to become more and more aggravated; the necessity for a broad, practical program more and more pressing. And we have, as a rule, met these problems either by repeating our discussions, or, too often, by taking snap action of a purely administrative nature. The result is that we are once again meeting to discuss the same problems. And in order that we may have a more definite picture of the situation, some historic perspective; in order that future discussions, unlike past discussions, shall not each time begin at the beginning, as if these problems had never been analyzed before, I have taken the liberty of writing out some of the main points which I should like to develop tonight.

Early in 1931 I was asked to participate in the editing of THE NEW MASSES. In discussing the subject, I said that in my opinion a new situation had arisen in the United States. The petit-bourgeoisie had been wrecked by the crisis. The intellectuals active in literature and art came, to a large extent, from that class. They were starting to swing to the left. This swing was bound eventually to become a stampede. There are conditions under which such intellectuals may in some cases swing back from Communism to fascism. It was therefore necessary to give them not only encouragement in their swing to the left, but *guidance through friendly but clear-cut criticism.* THE NEW MASSES, as it then existed, could not do this. I explained that the old Masses and Liberator were products primarily of the bohemia which matured before and after the War. That bohemia consisted of sons and daughters of the petit-bourgeoisie and the working-class with literary and artistic gifts who supported the Revolution in an anarchistic and aesthetic way. With certain well-known exceptions, these people were for the working-class at a distance, partly because they were against the bourgeois barriers in the way of new artists and new forms of art. Only a few of the old Masses and Liberator groups — including Robert Minor, John Reed, Michael Gold and myself —definitely joined the revolutionary movement as militants. The others followed various destinies. Some of them dribbled out in innocuous decay when post-war prosperity opened the doors of the publishing houses to them. A larger number of them than you may imagine became out and out conservatives during the Wilson, Harding and Coolidge eras, including men like William English Walling, Frank Bohn and Arthur Bullard.

The Masses-Liberator published revolutionaries and pseudo-revolutionaries of all kinds—socialists, right and left, anarchists, I.W.W. leaders; and writers of schools as far apart as Carl Sandburg, Maxwell Bodenheim, Michael Gold and the Catholic mystic, Leonard Cline. It was an open left-wing forum which became more revolutionary with the entrance of America into the World War and the bursting upon the world of the October Revolution. Furthermore, while the Masses-Liberator was the only outlet at that time for revolutionary writers and critics like John Reed, Floyd Dell, Arturo Giovannitti and Michael Gold, it was also an outlet for those petit-bourgeois talents—like Amy Lowell—whose interest in new forms barred them from the commercial magazines. But after the war the situation changed. The "modern" movement in literature and art, essentially petit-bourgeois in its roots, created its own magazines in the twenties, such as transition, The Little Review, The Fugitive, S4N, Broom, Pagany and The New Yorker. An examination of these magazines, and later of Vanity Fair and similar publications, will show that a very large number of artists and writers who began their work in the Masses-Liberator ended up in these other publications.

There were many reasons for this change. One of the reasons was that after the War class lines were drawn very sharply. The moment the Liberator became an organ of the Communist Party—with Lenin still alive—most of the old contributors dropped out. It was at this time that there began to develop on the periphery of the Party a group of revolutionary writers and critics only a few of whom had any connections with the old Masses-Liberator. For a long time, Michael

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Gold and I were the only literary critics in the United States attempting to evaluate art and literature by revolutionary standards. We made many blunders, for we had no real heritage in this field. The Masses critics did not, as a rule, accept the Marxist approach to art and literature. The critic who came nearest to that approach was Floyd Dell. He was a sociologic and psychoanalytic critic rather than a Marxist; he stressed not so much class factors as "general" social trends. Nevertheless, Floyd Dell was a tremendous advance over the other Masses literary critics and from him we learned much. We did not read Russian then, and it was extremely difficult, under the conditions of civil war and blockade, to find out what was happening in Soviet literature. Toward the end of 1923, the Liberator ceased to exist as a magazine of arts and letters. This being the period of ruthless persecution of the Communist Party by the government —Robert Minor, the editor of the Liberator, was under indictment in the Michigan cases— the liberal and bohemian artists and writers abandoned us for more lucrative fields, and the magazine was merged with the Labor-Herald as an out and out political and economic organ of the Party.

In 1926 some of the younger men formerly connected with the Liberator—Michael Gold, William Gropper, Hugo Gellert, myself and others—started THE NEW MASSES. At the very beginning there were differences of opinion on the editorial board. The main difference concerned the character of the magazine. The mass of editors and contributors were liberals, far from understanding or sympathizing with Communism. In this liberal mass was a small nucleus of revolutionary writers and artists of whom only one or two were Party members. Most of the revolutionary writers and artists agreed with the liberals that the magazine should not be "political" but "artistic and literary." I mention this not to discredit the revolutionary writers and artists (we must take that period and their own immaturity into consideration) but to emphasize that THE NEW MASSES started as the frank heir of the tradition of the old pre-war Masses. Its tone, its content, its make-up were an attempt to revive that tradition. By obtaining some $27,000 from the Garland Fund, THE NEW MASSES was able to pay its active editors salaries and to pay for contributions as well. Needless to say, under all these conditions many of those writers and artists who had abandoned the Liberator when it became a Party organ, returned to THE NEW MASSES, which bore no official character of any kind. The influence of these artists and writers in the magazine determined its nature. For several years THE NEW MASSES was not only against serious political discussion; it was also against serious theoretical discussion about literature and art. Prosperity was here. The middle-class was in a position to buy works of art and literature on a much wider scale than ever before. Every year new publications and new publishing houses were started. To the American intelligentsia, the proletarian revolution seemed very remote and very unreal. And even the writer and artist with revolutionary sympathies did not like to be beaten in his craft by his liberal friends. In this period, many of our own writers and artists were definitely under the influence of the petit-bourgeois intelligentsia. This, in part, accounts for the nature of THE NEW MASSES and of our cultural movement in general during this period.

During that period we made the mistake of building up with our own hands "Marxist" literary critics which we now expose. Why did we make this mistake? I think the answer to this question is particularly important at this time when we run the risk of making the same mistake in regard to other writers who are beginning to call themselves "Marxists." There are many reasons for this mistake. One is the minor reason that we tend to be too much impressed by the mere fact that a man has published a book. More than anyone else in the world, the Communist respects culture. The publication of a book, if it is not obviously anti-Marxian, confers a halo of prestige on the writer's head. But this minor error could be avoided were it not for a major error, namely, that *we have not in this country in the English language basic Marxian writings about art and literature.* As a result it is difficult for some of the best Marxians in the movement, who would not be caught napping by the most subtle political deviation, to catch even the grossest errors in art and literature. The fact that we ourselves helped to build up the reputations of "Marxist" critics who from the very beginning obviously belonged to the enemy camp is an indication of *the backward state of Marxist literary criticism in this country.*

Part of the American intelligentsia is now "swinging to the left." The crisis has cut the ground from under the feet of the middle-class and its intellectual sons and daughters. During the post-war boom, the number of college students increased by millions. Families where nobody had gone to college before, began to turn out doctors, lawyers, architects, dentists, poets, journalists, teachers, novelists, playwrights. When the crash came, it was evident that there was not only a so-called over-production of goods—that is, more goods than the masses could buy back at the starvation wages paid by capital — but also an over-production of intellectuals—that is, more professional people than the rapidly declining capitalist economy could absorb. The result was a "revolt" of intellectuals, which, if the experience of other countries was any indication, would drive some of them to the Fascist camp and some to us. The Humanist flurry in American literature pointed toward Fascism; now in 1932 we are having a drift toward Communism.

In discussing the proposal, made early in 1931, that I join the active editorial staff of THE NEW MASSES, I urged that these people could not be won over by the magazine as it then existed. We now had to deal with trained intellectuals; and our superficial, crudely humorous expositions of Communism could have no effect on them. We could guide them along the correct path only if we changed the character of the magazine. I suggested, therefore, that we *reorganize* THE NEW MASSES *from top to bottom; that we change its staff, its format, and its contents; that we make it a magazine which a trained mind would listen to with respect and with intellectual profit.* For this purpose it was also necessary to solve the financial problem. A magazine cannot be gotten out without at least paying the printer. We cannot hope to raise a new generation of revolutionary writers with a staff of one or two amateurs, spending most of their time running around trying to borrow a dime for a sandwich, or editing the magazine in their spare hours after a long and tedious job. It seemed to me that everything which Lenin said about professional revolutionaries was equally true of the revolutionary writer; and I pointed out that unless we solve the financial problem we could not do what was necessary to raise the level of the magazine. We had to have a good business manager.

The position of the 1931 conference was that no drastic change should be made for the time being; and that is where we are now. the problem we have to face is that the original basis upon which THE NEW MASSES was founded has been destroyed by the realignment of social forces brought about by the economic crisis, and that we have failed to build a new basis. A few individuals cannot build this basis. It requires great effort not only by THE NEW MASSES, but by the John Reed Clubs, the Workers Cultural Federation, the Pen and Hammer, the Film and Photo League, the theatre groups, the League of Professional Groups. It involves the whole of the cultural front for which we have not yet outlined a definite policy.

We are faced with an unprecedented problem, a problem I have raised time and again at various meetings: how to guide the "cultural front," how to do it not through individuals but through organizations, not through personal gossip and abuse but through political and literary thought and action. We have all agreed on this in principle. We agreed on this once more at our last meeting. We said we must have basic literature; we must have more people active in this field; we must have a definite policy; we must get people who can raise money for this work; we must have a professional John Reed Club secretary; we must have a NEW NEW MASSES with a NEW staff; we must not permit our fellow-travellers to drift about without guidance. We have said all this and we have promised ourselves to take action. It is there that the solution lies—when we take that action.

Some comrades say that it is the job of the older Marxist critics to write basic books. I am sure these critics are anxious to do such books. But I must repeat—as I have repeated many times—that it is impossible for one man to edit a magazine or a newspaper, encourage and develop young writers, carry on a heavy

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literary correspondence, rewrite other people's manuscripts, attempt to raise money for our groups and publications, attend nightly meetings, lecture for numerous organizations, earn a living on the side by hack-work and ghost-writing—and at the same time do a piece of pioneering original work requiring concentrated study and careful analysis. This problem affects many of us. There have been members of this group who from the floor made fine formal declarations as to what should or should not be done, then privately, ten minutes after the meeting was over, told me that the pressure of routine makes it impossible for them to write well, let alone do sustained and original books. Immediately after the last meeting, for instance, one of the oldest, most loyal and most talented of our revolutionary writers, a comrade who has been a credit to revolutionary literature in various languages for about thirty years, said to me with deep feeling: "I am a tragic case; pressure of work prevents me from doing good writing."

Why this dual attitude? These people are victims partly of the general situation in which our movement finds itself, of that lack of forces which compels every one of us to carry unusually heavy burdens. But also—and we must bear this in mind if we are properly to approach the new problems raised by the leftward moving intelligentsia—they are victims of our failure to work out a basic policy in this field. We seem to have forgotten Lenin's teaching that various people come to Communism in various ways, that a scientist does not come for the same reasons as an industrial worker. We have forgotten the continued warnings for the past fifteen years to the writers of the Soviet Union that the creation of socialist culture is not like a military campaign, that art and literature cannot be "conquered by cavalry charges." As Marxists, we repudiate the bourgeois illusion that art is divorced from life, from the class struggle; we insist that our artists and writers keep close to the struggling mass of workers. Unfortunately, however, we interpret this in a mechanical and childish manner. All of us should participate to some extent in the organizational work of our cultural groups; but what kind of novels, poems, pictures or criticism can our writers and artists produce who spend all their time in this narrow prison we have built for ourselves? The artist creates out of direct contact with the sights and sounds of the world, with that concrete and specific social life whose great laws Marx discovered. Would we not have a richer proletarian literature, a richer art, a richer Marxian criticism, if our writers and artists were released to some extent from the routine of organizational activity so that they could visit other cities, go to factories, participate in demonstrations and mass meetings, become part of the working-class whose struggles and aspirations we wish to express in literature and art? Naturally, organizational work must be tied up with this participation in the daily life of the masses, but it is precisely our failure to do so that has resulted in the crisis we are now trying to overcome.

III: *Old Solutions and New Problems*

SINCE the report just presented was made, almost two years have gone by and many important changes have taken place in our movement. The economic crisis throughout the country has become so sharp, the class conflict so violent, that more intellectuals than ever have moved to the left. Many of the proposals and hopes touched on in the 1932 report have been to some extent realized. THE NEW MASSES has been changed "from top to bottom"; for the first time in the history of this country we have a revolutionary weekly which has attracted a number of talented writers who vividly describe the class-struggle today in the United States and abroad. We have abandoned our sectarianism. We have increased the number of people fighting on the "cultural front" for Communism. And now that the work is more evenly distributed, it has been possible to release some of our writers from daily routine so that they may complete their books. The plea we made for the past three years for basic books is being realized because objective conditions warrant it, because we are now no longer a sect but a movement. The "timid" writers whom Albert Halper cited in the Daily Worker should rejoice in this growth instead of indulging in the futile fantasies which Halper reports and which occasionally even get published.

These fantasies have not the slightest political or literary thought to distinguish them, yet they have a political and literary basis and therefore merit attention. It is not enough to say that the "critics" of the Marxian critics—some of those, for example, who participated in the recent "authors" field day which THE NEW MASSES published—have not read our work for the past ten years. It is not enough to say that, being people who were remote from our movement until recently, they know nothing about our work or the problems it involves. These things are true—but there is something true which is more fundamental and more important.

The most significant change of recent months in our literary movement is that it has abandoned its sectarian attitude. As recently as last year, it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a "fence-sitter" to appear in the pages of the Communist press. The "line" was jealously guarded. Now the opposite is true. Anyone has only to declare himself a "fence-sitter" and he is embraced with open arms; our press is his and he can say anything he likes, however remote it may be from revolutionary thought. The abandonment of sectarianism has had a healthy effect; our literary movement has made great progress as a result of it; but it carries the seeds of danger within it—the danger of letting the tail wag the dog. A "liberal" policy in regard to fellow-travellers is good only when it is accompanied by their intensive Marxian education. It is valuable to have writers who only last year slandered Communists in their novels and essays and in the liberal and renegade journals now write for us, help formulate policy, create literature and criticism which speaks in the name of the movement; but this is valuable only if these writers have really broken with their past, have really given up their middle-class prejudices. I do not mean that the men who slandered our movement yesterday should write *mea culpa*'s or beat their breasts in print for their past mistakes. We are not interested in that kind of "penance." But their new writings, the ones which they now indite under the banner of Communism should show that they really are Communists, or at least that they are making sincere efforts to transform themselves into Communists.

For the writer occupies an important social position. The narcistic and feeble imitators of Werther, René, Obermann and the painter of Salzburg, the anemic, sterile heirs of the romantic movement of the nineteenth century may believe that the writer is engaged only in "expressing himself"; but when those self-expressions appear in print, they influence readers. That is why class-conscious magazines, however liberal they may be about forms of expression, do not open their pages to writers with hostile class ideas. As far back as 1913, before anyone in this country had heard of Lenin and Stalin and the bolsheviks, and twenty years before the campaign of falsehood against proletarian literature was launched, the old MASSES explained that "although we believe in liberty of mind as well as body, and we think that liberty of mind is sadly wanting in the Socialist movement of America, we will not open our pages to those who would oppose the central principle of our faith—the principle of revolution." Post-war experience has taught us that "the principle of revolution" may be opposed in the name of revolution by demagogues who prattle about national-*socialism;* by self-deceivers who slander Communism in the illusion that their pseudo-literary, pseudo-revolutionary chatter can conceal from the world their envy, malice, vanity and dilettantism, or their attachment to the bourgeoisie; and by sincere writers whose immaturity in the movement subjects them to hostile influences and impels them to smuggle, in all good faith, but with unfortunate results, middle-class ideas and practices into our ranks.

Now and then we may observe that some of those who slandered our literary movement yesterday in the name of "art," slander it today in the name of "revolutionary art." Even their methods have not changed. Instead of a Marxist analysis of the writings of our authors and critics, instead of some contribution to our literary thought and action which would help us all to grow, instead of ideas we get—if one may judge from Albert Hal-

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per's report and one or two other episodes—agitated nightmares from people who know as little about us today as they did yesterday. These men have, under our new laissez-faire policy, brought with them into our ranks the prejudices which until recently they aired in the enemy press.

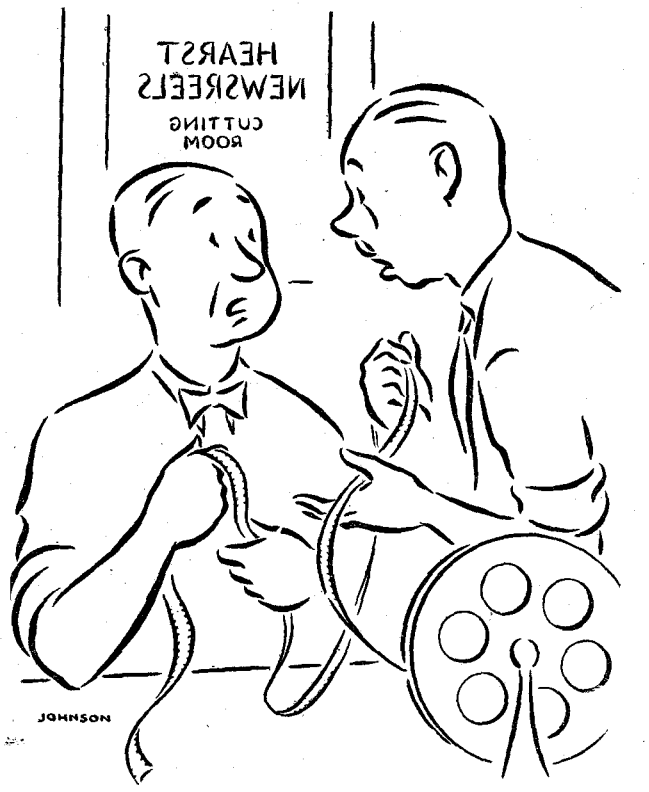
Marxist criticism in this country has until recently been extremely backward due to conditions which I have tried to indicate in this article. Conditions now exist for developing it to a higher level; but this development will be hampered if individualistic spleen is allowed to poison our ranks, if our young writers are misled into an exaggerated regard for bourgeois literary fads, or if the pages of our press become an open forum for ill-considered and thoughtless echoes of that bourgeois world which the "fence-sitters" are presumably seeking to abandon. If the "timid" writers whose complaints Halper reported in the Daily Worker know the work of the Marxist critics and wish to disagree with it, or supplement it or attack it, by all means let them do so. It is not only their privilege but their duty. Let them do so, however, not on a personal but on an objective level. The imaginary personal characteristics of various Marxist critics no more explain the deficiencies of our criticism than Hoover's personal character explains the economic crisis. That is what the middle-classes believed when they rushed to Roosevelt. The writers for whom Halper speaks should be above such nonsense; let them leave that kind of fake "psycho-analysis" to those of our enemies who have sunk in their literary criticism to the level of Hamilton Fish and explain the spread of Communist ideas by "Moscow gold."

With his derogation of Marxist criticism, Halper expressed a profound respect for what he called the "French 75's" of the bourgeois critics. He is afraid that revolutionary literature, to which he now wishes to attach himself, may not be able to withstand their bombardment. Let him not be terrified. We have seen the shells of these "French 75's" before, and they are duds. The strength of the bourgeois critics derives not from the power of bourgeois ideas, which are hollow and false; but from the fact that the bourgeoisie monopolizes the main avenues of communication. Neither the Marxist critics nor the leftwing writers can do anything about that; only the proletarian revolution can alter that state of affairs. And that is where our energies should go, into the revolutionary movement of the working-class. Though our technical resources are limited, we have the enormous advantage of speaking the truth, of propagating, directly in essays and indirectly in art, the ideas of that social class which is struggling in the vanguard of humanity for a just world. And if the "timid" leftwing writers will cooperate in our common work instead of wasting time on gossip, we shall meet our opponents on a higher level, with greater power.

The literary struggle will become more fierce as the revolutionary movement produces more and better novels and poems, just as the political struggle becomes more fierce as Fascism seeks to stem the rising might of the working-class. All the more reason why we should learn to work like bolsheviks: by cooperation always; by criticism when necessary (and it is always necessary), but by criticism on an intellectual, political, literary, *Marxist* level. The period upon which we are now entering will require maturity of thought and action on the part of our writers and critics; they will have to keep pace with the growth of the American working-class; the moods and methods of the literary cafés will have to be completely abandoned for the moods and methods of science at its best, and art at its best. We must be absolutely scrupulous toward the revolutionary movement, toward our work, toward ideas, toward each other.

The writers and critics who today are in or near the revolutionary movement may be divided roughly into two groups: those who have spent the last ten years primarily in the movement, and those who, during the same period have been engaged primarily in perfecting their craft. The economic crisis has united these two groups politically; on all burning questions of the day they fight side by side. It is no longer necessary to convince able craftsmen like Isidor Schneider or John Howard Lawson that it is not only permissible but obligatory for poets and playwrights to raise their voices on behalf of the struggling working-class, that their place is not with T. S. Eliot and Archibald MacLeish but with Henri Barbusse, Romain Rolland and André Gide. On the other hand, it is no longer necessary to convince writers who developed in the movement in isolation, during years when loyalty was the primary test, that the revolutionary writer must perfect his craft, that he must be not only revolutionary but a *writer*.

The merging of these two forces promises much for the development of a revolutionary literature in the United States. Already, where we once counted our writers and critics on the fingers of one hand, we can today count them by the scores. Publications like THE NEW MASSES and the New Theatre, groups like the Theatre Union today have a high technical standing, in addition to their revolutionary message. Three years ago we only dreamed of such things, agitated for them, worked for them; today we have the beginnings of a vital revolutionary art rooted in American life expressed not only in manifestos, speeches and essays but in novels, plays and poems. Our standards must therefore be higher, our judgments sterner. Let our authors be implacable in their demands for better craftsmanship; let our critics spare no one in their Marxist analysis, always connecting the specific work of art with the broad social conflicts of our time. The old ivory towers are down; so are the red ivory towers which sectarianism built. Revolutionary literature and criticism are now out in the open world of the living America. With it our writers and critics must assume the attitude of grown men and women who understand the obligations which the proletarian revolution imposes upon all of us. The minimum, in our particular field, is an elementary acquaintance with the problems of our movement. Let us have mutual criticism that is severe, just, objective, free of the stultifying traditions of the bohemian cliques, directed not by personal spleen but by a high regard for the aspirations and efforts of the movement as a whole, and by a revolutionary understanding of the world which Communism seeks to transform.



—*Crockett Johnson.*

"My God, what will Mr. Hearst say? We left out the battleships this week!"

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Correspondence

"Daniel Boone Belongs to Us"

To The New Masses:

Mike Gold's recent review, "Daniel Boone Belongs to Us," means more to me than Mike may realize. Here is the reason why: My people live in the Ozark Mountains, in Arkansas. They, along with others of their kind, left Tennessee and Kentucky some time in the 1830's. Among these pioneers who came westward were the descendants of Daniel Boone. This is the way that my grandmother told the story to me: "There were four families of us that came down here together—the Boones, the Nortons, the Harps and the Swains. It took about four months to make the trip. There were no roads and the menfolk had to go ahead and blaze the way. The journey was a slow one as the oxen's feet were always sore and the wagon wheels wearing out. We used tar pole wagons and it was necessary to cut down saplings and renew them."

They settled in the mountains because the water was pure and because they were not troubled by "skeeters." It was not safe to live in the river bottoms in those days. Bear, deer, 'possum and 'coon were to be found in abundance. They took up claims wherever they pleased and tilled only the best of the land, hence the word "squatter." It was years afterward that the government forced them to homestead their land. This is the way that Daniel Boone's grandchildren fared one hundred years ago. I shall tell you how they are making out today.

These people are the kind that southern aristocrats and the Negroes refer to as "poor white trash." Today they are the sharecroppers that till the soil for the "wiser heads" that imported Negroes and developed the fertile fields of the Mississippi and Arkansas valleys. Some of them remain in the hills, but their conditions are no better than those that went away to slave for the plantation owners. They might be better off were it not for the fact that they were chiseled out of all their timber lands. They sold giant oak and walnut trees for one dollar per tree and the lumber companies in turn sold them for two or three hundred dollars. This was during the war and lumber was high. Their condition is just about the same as the feudal serf. The youngsters never go to school and even if they could there would be no clothes to wear. Even in the best of years there were families that could not afford shoes. I know the Boones. They were among the most destitute of all those impoverished people. You are right, Mike. Daniel Boone belongs to us.

Corby Paxton.

Marine Workers Industrial Union,
San Francisco.

Scottsboro Exhibition

To The New Masses:

"We, English seamen from *S.S. Hartbridge* protest against brutal treatment of nine Scottsboro boys. We demand their immediate release."

Similar telegrams from striking Swedish marine workers, from South African Negroes in semi-slavery, from 7,000 French workers and intellectuals massed at a Scottsboro demonstration, from workers in Germany, England, Ireland, Australia, Holland the U.S.S.R.—from every country on the globe; some few asking—most of them demanding—the immediate release of nine innocent Negro children.

This, however, is but a small part of a vast display of expressions of working-class solidarity, now to be seen at the John Reed Club of New York, at the International Scottsboro Exhibition. Here we find in documented form the protests of the aroused world proletariat against the bestial treatment of the Negro masses.

Ruby Bates' letter to her friend, Earl, the document that gave the lie to the obvious frame-up of the lynch courts is here in photostatic reproduction.

During the middle months of 1932 Mother Ada Wright and Louis Engdahl made their famous tour of Europe. Every leaflet and article from every major city of Europe is exhibited here—along with the result—several pounds of telegrams. There are also two documents—both from the Police Department of Halle, Germany. One, a grant of permission to Mother Wright to speak at a meeting—the other, revoking that right and received just three hours before the authorized meeting was to open. The German ruling class suddenly realized the significance of this Scottsboro demonstration as part of the fight against Fascism in its own country.

There is hardly a city or town, regardless of size, in the United States that is not represented by leaflets, books, newspapers, plays, songs, poems, or drawings.

John Reed Club of New York.

430 Sixth Avenue.

Why They're Striking

To The New Masses:

There are several reasons why the Southern textile worker deserves the special consideration of those interested in the working class movement. The greater number of employed, the wage differential, and the lower standard of living, distinguish the Southern textile worker from the northern. Perhaps the most unenviable distinction of all is that a particular disease, pellagra, affects large numbers of southern workers and their families, and almost never the northern worker.

Pellagra is a disease that has long been known to be associated with a very low standard of living. The precise cause, however, has only been discovered during the past 20 years by investigations in the textile mill towns of the South, where the number of cases has always been very great. Pellagra is now known to be a "deficiency disease," *i.e.*, a disease due to a lack of essential foods in the diet, such as milk, eggs, green vegetables, fresh fruits and meats, particularly liver. These foods contain the vitamins that are indispensable to health; that will prevent and cure pellagra.

There are diseases which produce a more rapidly fatal ending than pellagra, but few which can match it for gruesomeness, in its well developed form. It attacks the skin, mouth, intestinal tract and the nervous system. The skin of the face and extremities becomes reddened, thickened, scaly and hard. Sometimes large blisters form. There is severe diarrhea, agonizing burning of the mouth, tongue, hands and feet. Ulcers form in the tongue, and saliva drools from the mouth. Severe cramps and tremors occur in the muscles. When they are not completely prostrate, the patients shuffle along in a tottering way due to intense dizziness. Control of the bladder and bowels may be lost. Mental symptoms are prominent, and range from apprehension and severe melancholia, to profound dementia and acute deliria, requiring confinement in an asylum. If nourishment containing the essential vitamins is not given early, the disease progresses to a fatal ending.

The diet and living conditions of the textile worker are particularly suited for the development of this disease. The average diet consists of "fat back" or salt fat pork, molasses and corn bread. Fresh dairy products, fruits and meats which are necessary to prevent pellagra are infrequently found on the table of the Southern textile worker. The cost of milk is prohibitive in many regions. Mothers have been known to suckle an older child as well as the new-born because of the high cost of milk.

The cause of the disease is known, its prevention and cure is a simple matter, yet the number of cases of pellagra in the South has remained high. In the North a physician may not see a case in his lifetime. In the South thousands of cases are seen every year. The U. S. Public Health Service reports that in 1930 there were 24,747 cases of Pellagra, with 7,146 deaths. Two-thirds of all deaths were reported from six states—North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Arkansas. In North Carolina, for the seven years from 1924 to 1930, the number of deaths increased from 273 to 1,002. These are the number of cases and deaths "reported." The Public Health Service admits that the reported cases represent only about 50 percent of the actual number, a discrepancy undoubtedly due to laxity and incompetence on the part of mill physicians and public health authorities. In 1931, 27,807 cases were reported. Statistics for the last two years are incomplete, but it is not difficult to surmise what they will show.

Herbert Gerritt, M.D.

"Yours for the United Front"

To The New Masses:

I recall the many powerful working-class cartoons produced by Robert Minor.

This was before he became even more active by speaking and writing on his return from Russia where he had seen the new government of Socialist Soviet Republics planning and working for the future.

He saw a new order, a new hope coming to life where once had ruled a decadent monarchy. With the same power that he put into his early work, Bob Minor continues to fight for the working class and against the monarchy of money—whose other name is capitalism.

After it is all over we say of a man: "He put up a good fight," and to Bob we say while he is still with us, "You are a brave fighter for the working class." Yours for the united front,

Bethel, Conn. Art Young.

Facts and Figures

To The New Masses:

John Phillips, reviewing the *Economic Handbook of the Pacific Area* in your August 14 issue, asks, "But what is the purpose of this compilation?" In no spirit of ruffled middle-class-consciousness, but as one responsible in part for the publication of this book, may I answer your reviewer with a sentence from an earlier paragraph of his own review? "There is no question that the vast quantity of information gathered in this handbook is very valuable to students of the Far East." Purpose enough.

Your reviewer, in spite of such a handsome beginning, went on to call the facts and statistics collected in the handbook "dead and meaningless." It is not his inconsistency which disturbs me as much as it is his logic. He assumes that the absence of interpretation connotes an imperialist or capitalist interpretation. This is an assumption common enough in all polemics, but dangerous as the devil to all good (including Marxist) thinking.

The statistical material in this handbook was prepared from every authoritative source available. Some of it was Soviet, some Siamese. The fact that there are no figures about Soviet China is a problem which worries us as much as it does your reviewer. We would like to find some.

In Lenin's letters to his family, published in Moscow in 1931, you will find references on nearly every page to the delight with which he landed on some new book which had factual data which he could interpret. It is an attitude which contrasts sharply with that of your reviewer. Before long someone, and probably a Marxist, is going to write a book about the Pacific area which will be like Lenin's *Development of Capitalism in Russia.* When he does, he will turn to books like this, grateful for facts without emotion into which he can put life and meaning.

Joseph Barnes.

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Books

Dahlberg's New Novel

THOSE WHO PERISH, by Edward Dahlberg. The John Day Company. $2.

READERS following the career of Edward Dahlberg know that he is a fellow-traveler who has been constantly drawing closer to the revolutionary movement, that he has been engaged in revolutionary activity from time to time. Those who have heard him as a lecturer affirm his support of the proletarian revolution know to which camp he belongs. And yet because neither his *Bottom Dogs* nor *From Flushing to Calvary* were revolutionary novels, there has been uncertainty as to Dahlberg's position as a writer. Could this novelist who as a critic stands opposed to the proletarian fiction of so talked about a writer as, for example, Jack Conroy, himself produce a novel entitled to be called revolutionary? Could Dahlberg's talents which have thus far been confined to recreating cross-sections of decay, broaden and deepen enough to penetrate to the forces actuating his characters? Between the covers of his third novel *Those Who Perish* are the answers to these questions.

It is a brief book covering little more than a year in the lives of employes and directors of the Jewish Community Center of New Republic, N. J. Of the four chief characters, three begin as members of the middle class and all four are Jewish. No immediate struggles of the working class against its exploiters; not a strike, not a clash between workers and police! Can a novel be revolutionary and fail to deal with such express material?

Regina Gordon, middle-aged educational director of the Center, has received a letter from Zurich, advising that her cousin's body "the fingers scissored, the chest a network of splinters tattooed with the Hakenkreuz sign, had been returned in a black Swastika coffin to his parents," and his father thrown into a concentration camp. Almost overnight sensational reports of the Nazi anti-Semitic terror flash before New Republic Jewry the Hitler phenomenon; and, of course, the directors of the Community Center, as self-constituted spokesmen for New Republic Jews, meet to remedy the situation. President Harry Rosenzweig (one of the directors of the New Republic Manufacturers' Trust Company), an American Russian Jew who has always been snubbed (according to the Jews' own racial hierarchy) by American German Jews, although not entirely displeased that German Jews are being taught "a lesson," nevertheless is sure that something ought to be done—and is all for the Jewish boycott. Not so Joshua Boaz, executive director of the Center, Zionist, and Regina Gordon's lover. When a ubiquitous rabbi thunders the usual "We Jews are being persecuted because we have always been the torch-bearers of culture," Joshua Boaz thinks of all the manufacturers, insurance agents, Jewish delicatessen-store keepers, the hardware dealers and the Babbitt-like merchants "who were being oppressed because they were the torch-bearers of culture." A suave speech by an itinerant representative of the United Jewish Committee manages to sell the directors the boycott:

> "We must not help Communism. In the long run the Communists will be more dangerous to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness than Hitler." Etc., etc.

Life goes on in New Republic much as before, for isn't Hitlerism still three thousand miles away? . . . But the idyl of Boaz's life is interrupted when his cousin, Eli Melamed, comes to borrow $500. Melamed hasn't had a job drumming for expensive perfume for two years. Hearing from Boaz that "Franklin Delano Roosevelt is a cross between Woodrow Wilson and Eugene V. Debs . . . quite without Debs' guttersnipish characteristics which radicals always seem to have," Melamed confesses that Communists in general embarrass him, their street affairs being too "brassy and exhibitionistic" for his sensibilities. Convinced by his creditor that the New Deal "is already beginning to percolate," Melamed steps forth into the business world anew—and as months go on that world is just as unconcerned about him as ever. By a series of representative experiences, Dahlberg traces the declassing of this once successful member of the middle class, uncovering the diversities of his emotional experience during the gradual frustration of faith in the *status quo*. Unable to identify himself with the forces of revolution, his body a bundle of exposed nerves, Melamed finally overcomes racial self-consciousness and offers himself "to his own people," his further frustration following.

When Boaz learns of Melamed's death, he has already suffered too much to care. Regina, brooding on the Nazi persecutions to a point of near hysteria, comes to understand the problems of racial groups; she attains to an affirmation of a new society, the Socialist world. The inevitable clash with her lover sends him reeling into a physical breakdown and herself striving with the need to identify herself actively with the forces endorsed by her mind. Unlike Melamed, Regina knows where her fighting forces belong; but like him she is unable to transcend the remnants of her past experience: the sense of personal pain eventually relaxes into the inactivity of nostalgia, despite her one violent outburst against a propaganda film shown in a theatre owned by one of the culture-bearing Community Center directors!

Racked by the promise of futility all around him and giddy to possess Regina once more, Boaz goes to her, offering a future with him in Palestine. Regina:

> "What will you do in the Promised Land? Be a parasitic country squire on a lemon grove, and live off the usurious interest on money loaned to the Chalutzim? Exploit the Arab workers as all good Zionists do, and leave the unemployed Jews to live off the climate as they do in California? . . . Go back to what? As if there were anything to return to except this cemetery society. . . . Away—where to? . . . Would you like to watch a procession of workers in Peiping having their tongues torn out of their mouths by Chiang Kai-shek's storm troopers? . . . You are tired and you want peace . . . but there is no peace for us. . . . We must stay and struggle against the murderers for the tomorrows of our little children."

And when Boaz charges that she wants him to be a Communist, she replies finally: "As for myself, I propose to fight this grave-digger's menace to the finish. . . . We must stay here . . . here and struggle . . . Otherwise . . . we will perish."

But she is not equal to her decision. When the sick Boaz falls dead after their embrace, she appraises the situation. She poisons her daughter and herself.

It is clear that Dahlberg, having penetrated the problems involved in his material, has propounded the revolutionary solution. Approaching the necessity for Communism from the problem of anti-Semitism, he has presented a revolutionary treatment; and on this basis *Those Who Perish* must be included as revolutionary fiction.

Within the confines of his novel Dahlberg broadly indulges the prose which has come to be recognizable as his idiom. Based on the indivisibility of all the elements of personality—from obvious physical characteristics to subtleties of undeliberate movements—Dahlberg's method of character-portraiture follows in centrifugal pattern: the concrete action of a character is supplemented by the change in the physical personality which this new action has effected. Thus the protagonists are continually evolving. To this method Dahlberg's often brilliant imagery adds a quality of delight infrequent in literature today. One danger of Dahlberg's style lies in its overabundance of figures of speech which sometimes become a barrier to communication, and a certain limitation to the framework to which the images refer. And yet the economy of his writing is clear in that few paragraphs often suffice for etching an episode or a character.

Those Who Perish shows a deepening and a growth. No longer content to write at the expense of his characters, Dahlberg's vituperation has now become channelized in the directions consistent with his political beliefs. And to his former range must be added something that comes as a surprise: a pity and tenderness illuminating the impotent muteness of Melamed no less than the denuded sensibilities of Regina. Furthermore, unlike his second novel, *Those Who Perish* maintains a steady drive of interest.

Dahlberg has limited himself, however, to characters unable to accept the revolution in an active sense, who live and die outside its

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framework. As such *Those Who Perish* cannot be representative of the main current of revolutionary fiction which logically must concern itself with people and events actively building revolution. Dahlberg's present position thus becomes clear: a progression from the pictures of decay (*From Flushing to Calvary*) to the struggle within complex middle-class individuals between impotence and a vibrant future. Dahlberg's deepened approach and his frequently brilliant craftsmanship make one somewhat regretful of the limitations of *Those Who Perish*. But more important is the fact that he has made a memorable addition to American revolutionary literature.

STANLEY BURNSHAW.

Epic of Soviet China

THE CHINESE SOVIETS, by Victor A. Yakhontoff. Coward-McCann. $2.75.

So measured and calm and studious is the tone of this book that even the New York Times reviewer has written approvingly of it. Elsewhere in the bourgeois press it has been searched thoroughly for some comforting offsets to Yakhontoff's conclusions dismaying to bourgeois minds, that: "Undoubtedly foreign help to Nanking and to other enemies of Soviet China has prolonged the struggle. But, judging by what the Chinese Soviets have accomplished in spite of it, one may suppose that were this support withdrawn, most, if not all, of China would turn Communist, probably within a very short time."

Yakhontoff, once a Czarist general and minister of war in the Kerensky cabinet has, like Prince Mirsky, left his exile and turned to the Russian people. He has studied the Far Eastern situation at first hand and his book, *Russia and the Far East,* exposed the libels of the political theoreticians of capitalists who like to insinuate that the International line of Russia under the Soviets is a continuation of the old Czarist diplomacy.

General Yakhontoff begins his account, properly, with a description of the Taiping Rebellion, in the years between 1850-1860. It was a gigantic upheaval opening as a religious movement with a mission-Christian class of ideas receiving reinforcement from Secret Societies and the nationalist hatred in the South of the Manchu Dynasty, but receiving its real strength from goaded and rebellious masses, who were suffering most from the economic burdens and social dislocations produced in China by Western Imperialist penetration. The Taipings were halted at Shanghai by the foreign powers who collaborated with the Chinese bourgeoisie. Shanghai bankers lured the American adventurer, Ward, to organize a garrison. Under Ward Chinese troops were first armed and trained in the Western fashion. Afterwards, "Chinese Gordon" was lent by England to the Peking government as the Fascist General von Seeckt is lent to the Nanking government. Under this pressure, but still more through its own ideological weakness—its program evaporated into mysticism and degenerated in luxury—the Taiping movement collapsed. Yet, in many ways, the rebellion was not ended then but has gone on to its obvious ripening and approaching fulfillment in the Chinese Soviets. Since the defeat of the Taipingo more than eighty years ago there has scarcely been one year of domestic peace in China. The American style, democratic revolution of 1911, led by Sun Yat Sen but appropriated by the Mandarin, Yuan Shi Kai, to whom Sun unwisely gave up the presidency, and who attempted to found a dynasty, cracked China into pieces. The pieces came under the control of regional commanders after the overthrow and death of Yuan. Sun Yat Sen naively imagined that the capitalist powers would want to see China unified and strong, and solicited their help in money and in the services of experts. Disillusioned, he turned finally to Soviet Russia which supplied him with Marxist-Leninist technique of revolution. To Sun Yat Sen's party, the Kuomintang, the young Chinese Communist Party of China, stiffened with experienced Bolshevik *actives* from Russia, joined itself.

The revolution triumphed, to the great alarm of the Chinese bourgeoisie and the imperialists in the foreign concessions. The northward march had demonstrated the revolutionary temper of the people. In the cities the militant trade unions; in the fields the militant peasants' unions had risen in their strength! In the metropolis itself, in rich Shanghai, in the very face of the Western Concessions the workers had armed themselves, captured the arsenals and police posts and won control. To Chiang Kai Shek, military head of the Kuomintang, the hour of decision had arrived to go to the Right or to the Left. He chose the Right, turned upon his Communist comrades, and upon the revolution itself. The suppression was murderous. Western Imperialists turned aside from the stench of the most appalling butchery in contemporary history,—and breathed a sigh of relief that Chiang had entered their service and done his first job well. Communism was considered finished, until from the interior, led by its undefeatable working-class leaders, the Communist revolution spread again, arming itself from the futile expeditions sent against it, and named derisively by the Red Soldiers "our transport service." In the Kuomintang reaction Russians were deported; China was "cleansed" of Soviet influences. Yet in the report of Mao Tse Tsung, president of the Chinese Soviets, reprinted in the valuable appendix with which this valuable book closes, there is the clearest evidence of how rooted Marxist-Leninist principles have become. The Communist principles, firm yet flexible, have been applied to fit Chinese conditions among more than eighty million people in a territory larger than that of France.

Yakhontoff tells this story unemotionally, in a steady, careful structure of substantial facts which builds up that remote and hopeful reality called Soviet China solidly upon our vision. No Westerner, and few Chinese can enter Soviet China, surrounded as yet by enemies and impassable desert and mountain range. His sources, therefore have been mainly documentary, and second hand, but he has made excellent use of this material, extracting the important and the significant. His method of dealing with aspects of the Chinese revolutionary movement and the Soviets one by one, has led some readers into a misapprehension which should be warned against. When the Agrarian movement is dealt with, some readers who have not read on, have gathered the impression that the Chinese Soviet movement is predominantly Agrarian. As Yakhontoff point out, the movement in the industrial centers survives and grows in spite of the most terrible repression; and from the working-classes in the cities the movement, as a whole, has drawn its leadership. Within the Soviet areas industrialization is being fostered with all the vigor and resources possible.

In Yakhontoff's book the Chinese Soviet Movement up to the present has had its inventory before it has had its epic. But the inventory, because of the heroic entries, reads like an epic.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

A Primer for Lambs

SECURITY SPECULATION, by John T. Flynn. Harcourt, Brace and Co. $3.

Most books written on the subject of stock trading confine themselves to the technique of buying and selling. Their general aim is to tell the reader how to make money in the stock market without doing any work. Mr. Flynn notes this fact at the beginning of his book and on the first page of the text promises his readers to confine himself to "the economic effect of speculation in *securities.*" He disclaims any intention of discussing the social or moral aspects of stock speculation. Mr. Flynn thus limits his study to one specific field, in which he has almost as much freedom of movement as Admiral Byrd in the Antarctic. So far as the reviewer is aware, the economics of stock speculation has never been adequately analyzed. Unfortunately, Mr. Flynn has failed completely to do the job.

The book gets off lamely with a long section on speculation and gambling. Descriptions of the implements of speculation follow, with a detailed account of the various classes of securities. The chapter ends with a fourteen line statement about money. The third chapter, like most other portions of the book, contains an admirably detailed presentation of factual material, well selected and excellently arranged. The reader, however, finishes without so much as an inkling of the fundamental economic questions raised by stock speculation.

"The economic functions of speculations" is the subject of Part Two. Mr. Flynn can find only "one great argument" in support of security speculation. "Simply stated, the argument is this—that security speculation is essential to keeping in flow the needed supplies of capital funds for our corporate industry." The author divides this general argument into three parts: (1) Speculation offers the only

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effective method of marketing securities; (2) speculation regulates and determines the direction of the flow of new capital; (3) the Stock Exchange is not merely a market place, but a means of distributing securities to the public investor. Since parts one and three of Mr. Flynn's argument are substantially the same, there remain two rather flimsy advantages alleged as arguments in favor of the economic value of speculation.

A young Pioneer should be able to answer these arguments more or less effectively in an essay of 250 words. Mr. Flynn takes fifty documented pages. His performance suggests the case of the police chief who calls for tin hats, gas bombs, and light artillery to arrest a sneak thief.

The remainder of Part Two is devoted to very competent descriptions of manipulation, short-selling, marginal trading, and the work of the specialist and the floor trader in making a market for securities. The formidable collection of well-selected data employed in these chapters serves merely to explain again for the hundredth time the mechanism by which lambs are shorn in Wall Street. Part Three, entitled "Remedies," gravely discusses the usefulness of the Security Exchange Act of 1934.

The question as to what are the economic effects of stock speculation remains unanswered. Mr. Flynn hints at its class character when he analyzes the figures showing the number of speculators. He believes them to make up about one-half of one percent of the United States population. The sources of the funds used in speculation, the effects of speculation on the distribution of wealth, its results in the field of capital flow, the connection between speculation and the well-being of the working masses—these are issues which Mr. Flynn leaves practically untouched. Despite the competence with which he has collected and organized his data, the reading public remains as ignorant as heretofore regarding the economic effects of stock speculation.

SCOTT NEARING.

Dialectics of Diplomacy

THE SOVIETS AT GENEVA, by Kathryn W. Davis. Geneva: Librarie Kundig; American agent, Charles Sessler, Philadelphia. $2.

This book is an appeal to the Soviet Government to "forget its former dogmatic attitude" (that the League of Nations is a league of imperialist powers, all enemies of the first socialist state) and join the Geneva Council, "in the interests of humanity, peace and prosperity." The author admits the deficiencies of the League, but thinks that with the Soviet Union as a member, its peace machinery, hitherto ineffectual, would be greatly strengthened.

Kathryn Davis gives a fairly accurate and detailed account of relations between the League and the Soviets. She reports the work of Soviet representatives cooperating with those sections of the League considered useful, such as conferences of scientists, educators, control of narcotics, etc. Soviet delegates have been sent to numerous international conferences on economic problems and on disarmament. Their contributions to these conferences have won frequent praise, but have been usually rejected—for the solution of such problems is opposed by powerful interests which would lose profits. The Soviet delegates have also used Geneva as a platform from which to give the world a Marxist analysis of the policies of imperialist states, and to rally the world's workers to support of peace. To this "impolite" Bolshevik custom Miss Davis objects.

Although there have been endless and variegated lies about internal conditions in the U.S.S.R., ranging from free love to starvation, there have been relatively few attacks on the Soviet foreign policy, except for Trotskyist slanders. From Brest-Litovsk to the "Eastern Locarno," the history of Soviet diplomacy is a record unblemished by the chicanery, greed, and double-dealing characteristic of imperialist diplomacy. Few diplomats enjoy the prestige won by Litvinov and his associates, not only among all opponents of war, but even among imperialist diplomatic corps, by whom he is respected even while he is feared and hated. This is not because Litvinov is a shrewd fellow, clever at the diplomatic game, but because socialist diplomacy is the only diplomacy that can afford to be honest and above board, with a clear, unswerving line that can be subjected to "pitiless publicity"; and because Litvinov has behind him the increasing might of 170,000,000 workers and farmers in the U.S.S.R. in addition to millions in the capitalist world who are united with their Soviet brothers in the strongest bonds of sympathy and identity of interests. Only Soviet diplomacy has nothing to conceal. Only Soviet diplomats rely upon the conscious support of masses in all countries. They do not have to intrigue and maneuver behind the scenes, make secret military alliances, plot against the real interests of the workers of their own and other countries.

With the growing power of the Soviet Union and the success of socialist construction, more friendly relations with even its worst enemies have been established, a more cordial diplomatic atmosphere created. With this has naturally come closer cooperation with such phases of the League's work as were useful in contributing to the preservation of peace or the solution of economic questions affecting the Soviet Union. Miss Davis records this history honestly—even if she is a bit grudging in her praise of Soviet diplomacy.

There are people who reason that because another world war would almost surely end in revolution, therefore the logical position for a Communist is to welcome war. Such people criticize the Soviet Union for its "pacifism." They sit in overstuffed chairs, cocktail in hand, and dream of the Red Army sweeping over Europe establishing Soviets. But fortunately Communists are not such madmen, not reckless adventurers who will gamble with the lives of the millions of workers certain to be slain in the next war. They will fight just as long and as hard to prevent war as they will to transform it into civil war when the imperialist war does come. They know that every day of peace is a definite gain for the strengthening both of the Soviet Union and of the revolutionary forces throughout the world. They will not risk war for the sake of a probable but problematic end; the price is too high, the strength of revolutionary forces not yet great enough to make victory absolutely certain. This Miss Davis cannot understand, and, like many other liberals, she ascribes the changes in Soviet diplomacy to "loss of hope for a world revolution."

Soviet diplomacy utilizes every opportunity presented by the crisis, by the weaknesses of capitalism, the contradictions and antagonisms between imperialist nations, to strengthen the forces on the side of peace. Thus also, Litvinov speaks of the fact, "highly valuable to us," that not all capitalists desire war at all times. "Any state, even the most imperialistic, may become deeply pacifist at one period or another." The Soviet Government aligns its towering strength with those states which at any moment are opposed to military conflict. But it makes military alliances with none. The nation that today is pacifist may tomorrow take the lead in the headlong plunge toward war; the state that today is "friendly" to the U.S.S.R. may tomorrow join an anti-Soviet bloc.

Soviet diplomacy is forced to take account of all the multiple, complicated, contradictory forces and factors in the international situation in which it has to act. It cannot simply dismiss the League as an instrument of imperialism. "We are not doctrinaire, and do not refuse to make use of any international confederations or associations, so long as we have ground for believing that they will serve the cause of peace," Litvinov declared. It is conceivable that a situation may arise in which for the sake of peace the Soviet Union may extend its cooperation with those countries desiring peace even into lending its power to the tottering peace machinery of the League.

Stalin has said that the attitude of the Soviets toward the League is not necessarily a negative one always and under all circumstances. "The League may well became a brake to retard or hamper military action. If that is so . . . then we are not against the League. If such be the course of historical events, it is not excluded that we shall support the League despite its colossal defects."

Germany and Japan, today the major threats to peace and the outstanding enemies of the Soviet Union, resigned from the League, regarding it as an impediment to their imperialist plans. The League in this period and without these two countries is somewhat different from the League when it tried to engineer an invasion of the U.S.S.R. The Soviet attitude toward it must change accordingly—but not for one moment do the Soviet leaders forget that it remains basically a league

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of imperialist nations which are all potential enemies of the Soviet Union.

But if peace is to be "guaranteed"—in so far as that is possible in a capitalist world—the Soviet Union must gain the cooperation of bourgeois states. The U.S.S.R. cannot alone stop war; it must have, not only the support of the toiling masses in all countries, but also the support of those countries opposed temporarily to war. Compromises are necessary, but it must gain such support without sacrificing its Leninist principles, without capitulating to the stupendous difficulties presented by the necessity of living on friendly terms with a world that is unalterably hostile to all the Soviets stand for. Soviet diplomats face the all but insuperable difficulty of dealing with a pack of wolves, who, even while they sign peace pacts, contemplate with pleasure the idea of some day tearing the Soviets apart. Bearing these difficulties in mind, the diplomatic record of the Soviet Union is as amazing as the record of victories of socialist construction. Soviet workers and all friends of the Soviets can be as proud of the one as they are of the other.

Though an eventual conflict between the irreconcilables, the capitalist and the socialist worlds, is inevitable, the Soviet Union will postpone that conflict as long as possible; every day of peace makes more certain the final victory of Socialism. This is its duty to the working class. If a situation arises in which it is to the advantage of the Soviet Union to join the League it may do so. But, as Miss Davis comments, "The only League which the Soviets would wholeheartedly and enthusiastically join would be a League of Soviets."

LISTON M. OAK.

Inaugurating a Campaign

ROBERT FORSYTHE

I HAVE THOUGHT the matter over and have come to the conclusion that something drastic will have to be done about the English. Treating them with kindness is all very well but the results are not worth the effort. Being tart with them has its points but they have been petted by the fates so long that the mildest word of reproof causes them to sulk and there is nothing quite so depressing on earth as an Englishman feeling inferior. Naturally I refer to the upper clawss English, those monstrous people who cry "played!" in an ecstatic voice during the course of a tennis match and who depart with a "toodle-oo" and a "cheeri-o."

For a time I felt that something might be done but that was before Hollywood made *Cavalcade*. The effect of this was so profound in the Brown Derby and the Cocoanut Grove that actors sat through entire meals without being able to understand their companions who were speaking in a combination of Chaucer and early Okmulgee, Okla. The fact that the English themselves made *Henry the Eighth* in which the King was shown to be an uncouth gentleman was set down as a historical incident. The further fact that Henry's descendants ate at the London Kit Kat and went insane over Sophie Tucker was regarded as a complete confirmation of the fact that the British were a race of such culture they could afford to be democratic.

Several weeks ago I felt that I had done my homage toward English gentility by my presence at *One More River* but the strange fascination of these unbelievable people brought me again to the Music Hall last week to see *The Fountain*. The tabloids have been built upon this pandering to morbid curiosity. The first words of the English officers in the Dutch internment camp made me realize that I was doing myself no good by this surrender to my lower emotions but I could do nothing but sit and writhe, entranced by the amazing spectacle.

The picture as usual has to do with a noble English lady who is caught. From what I can learn the British have a difficult time being married and a terrible time getting out of it. In this case the lady is torn between the young Englishman she formerly loved (now conveniently present in her uncle's home in Holland) and the German officer to whom she is unfortunately wed. I was anxious to see the picture because I had read the book by Charles Morgan, which was a great success in politer circles several years ago. Mr. Morgan is the dramatic reviewer of the London Times and is definitely of the opinion that there is nothing more precious than the human soul provided it is resting within an English bosom. He is considerable of a mystic, too, is Mr. Morgan and he has acquired the knack of combining a trace of lust with an abundance of spirituality in quantities calculated to provide the maximum of titillation with the minimum of self-reproach. Mr. Cecil de Mille has produced the same effects in a more vulgar manner by utilizing the naked bodies of a Broadway night club in a great biblical romance.

The clearest indication that the British Empire is coasting toward the foot of the hill is the nature of its literary product. Without reading the book it is possible to tell what it is about by the way it has impressed William Lyon Phelps and by the way it is moving in the lending libraries of this country. If it is doing well, you may set it down as an axiom that the subject matter of the volume has to do with punting on the Thames or jaunting about with a traveling circus or living in a street with the most interesting people or of traveling the highways with Robin Hood. The point is that the English are living almost entirely in the past. They hate the present which sees their decay become more evident with the months and they cannot bear the thought of the future. This is what a British critic means when he inveighs so ferociously against the prospect of collectivization and pleads so fervently for the individuality of the soul. He means the white flanneled soul of the gentleman living in Surrey; in no possible case does he refer to the individual soul of the man living in the slums of Glasgow.

Quite recently J. B. Priestley started out on a tour of the tight little isle. At first we have nothing but the thatched roofs and the verdant green lanes and the softness of the landscape. Then Mr. Priestley begins to see another England, one which he obviously had not dreamed of before. He sees the ruined textile mills of Lancashire; he sees the mines of the Midlands; he sees the drab streets of the mill towns with their hopeless humanity on dole sitting in the doorways as if waiting for death. England, my England! Is this just something of the depression years, is this just a new blight sent by God to punish the proud Britons? For hundreds of years the slums of England have been the most hideous in the world; since the days of the Industrial Revolution there has been no misery like the misery of the English working-classes. The finest book by an American on the latter subject is *Irish Slummy* by Tim Mara, which tells of his boyhood in Liverpool. It is an amazing picture of the degradation which can come to a group of people by the conditions under which they live. I remember reading this book at the same time I read an article by the English Fascist, F. Yeats-Brown, he who wrote the *Bengal Lancer* and other books telling of the brave stand of the British against the "fanatical" tribesmen of India. (Nobody but a fanatic, of course, would think of protesting the beneficent rule of the British.) Yeats-Brown has just returned from a trip to "hideous" Russia and is coming down from London to Sussex just at that time of dusk when the smoke twines up in little spirals from the thatched cottages sitting in their verdant lanes. England, my England! cries Yeats-Brown. Yes, his England, the England of peace and quiet and comfort built upon the labor of children of ten working in the mines of Scotland, built upon the poverty of Egypt and the

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hell of India.

Everything depends upon the point of view. Stark Young in *So Red the Rose* has just shown how gracious, soft and beautiful the slave-owning civilization of the Old South could be. Of those who made it possible, little is said. At the moment the yachts are off Newport preparing for the Cup Races. America will be represented by the Resolute, built and raced at a cost of $500,000. Mrs. McLean has just returned from Moscow where she gave the natives a "thrill" with her exhibition of the Hope diamond. According to the Times, she landed "literally glittering with jewels hung in a loop over her arm and forming a chain for her diamond-studded purse, which contained a cigarette case decorated with the jewels."

But pity, my dear children, pity is the supreme virtue. As I sat watching *The Fountain* I had nothing but sorrow for the pallid emotions of the poor pallid people. It was difficult to keep from laughing at the heroic passages of Samuel Hoffenstein, who once wrote publicity for Al Woods and was now so British that one expected the audience to break out in cries of "hear! hear!" Or at least "pip! pip!"

The main theme of *The Fountain* is as I have outlined it but there were slight elaborations of its general contour. Ann Harding is the heroine who begins sobbing at the first sight of her former English sweetheart and ends in a torrent of tears at the death bed of her German spouse. The latter gentleman, well played by Paul Lukas, had returned from the wars minus an arm and an ambition to live. Julie, entangled with Lewis (who is as soft a gentleman as even the Empire has ever turned out), sacrifices him for her greater duty to Ruppert. Jealous members of the household allow Ruppert to know that Lewis has been ascending to the bedroom of Julie in those trying days when Ruppert was holding the Hindenburg Line. He hears this at the same time the news arrives that the sailors have mutinied at Kiel (hooray! from our side) and the Kaiser has fled (boo!). He collapses for keeps this time and finally, after a prolonged death scene, passes on. The mistake I made, says Ruppert, nobly brave, was in loving you when you didn't love me. But I have learned to love you since, cries Julie frantically pulling him back from the Gates of Heaven. No, replies Ruppert gently, you only feel sorry for me because I am injured; you really love Lewis. I can die happy that I have loved you. He does same.

This is what Mr. Morgan would call treating of the fundamental human emotions. To understand this you must realize that the aforementioned English upper-clawss are a singularly childish and unoriginal breed, at least in their present incarnation. The original manuscript of Carlyle's *French Revolution* was thrown into the fire by John Stuart Mill's maid. When T. E. Lawrence, the Sheik of Arabia, wrote the book of his war experiences, he lost the original manuscript in a taxicab. Major N. N. E. Bray has now written a book saying that Colonel Lawrence was very small potatoes in Mesopotamia. And what do you think happened to Major Bray's book? The Times was telling about it Sunday. "Once the manuscript was lost while the author was en route to visit Ibn Saud. Recently a housemaid threw the second half into the fire and, like Carlyle's *The French Revolution,* it had to be entirely rewritten."

I have a little plan worked out in case Colonel Lawrence wishes to answer Major Bray. The Colonel will take half the manuscript and place himself in a taxicab sitting before the house. When properly settled he will light a match and drop it in the petrol tank. This will dispose of the first half of the manuscript. Within the house the usual housemaid will be sitting before the fire with the other half of the manuscript in her lap and waiting for the signal. As she waits she reads a copy of *The Sheik* by Ethel M. Dell. Upon hearing the explosion without she will take the manuscript and carefully drop it in the grate. The original part comes in what happens to the Colonel. When the cab explodes, disposing of the first half of the manuscript, it also disposes of the Colonel. This inaugurates my campaign against the English.

"Soviets Greet New Turkey"

LAST year Turkey celebrated the tenth anniversary of its republic. As a gesture of friendship between the Soviet Union and Turkey, the Leningrad Cinema Trust, with the cooperation of the Turkish Ministry of Education, produced *Angora, the Heart of Turkey.*

Released in this country as *Soviets Greet New Turkey,* the picture tells the story of the Turks' efforts to rid themselves of the archaic customs and religious practices and the struggle for the economic and social advancement which they were not able to obtain under German and (after the war) British imperialism. Only the last section of the film is devoted to the greeting of the official Soviet Delegation to the Turkish people.

Although *Angora* doesn't have the intensity and the force of that great documentary film, *Turksib,* it shows traces of that influence. The film begins with a slow-paced and idyllic interpretation of "old" Turkey: the Balkan mountains, sheep herding, and the bucolic life of the native villages. Then a native is shown riding away on his donkey to attend the celebration of the tenth anniversary in Angora. From a black screen comes the sound of a railroad train. This is the second mood. The tempo is faster. The train is carrying more people from other parts of the country to Angora. The tempo is increased until the point when we are shown the arrival and greeting of the Soviet delegates. At this point the film shows us "new" Turkey, the industrialized city with its modern architecture, its factories, and finally the celebration itself.

Angora is by no means an ordinary newsreel. Its photography is brilliantly adapted to the content. For instance: in the first section of the film where the mood is a pastoral one the compositions are more or less formal and the transitions from scene to scene subtle. However with the railroad sequence the camera portraits are much more "radical" and the cutting more dynamic. Dialogue has been used only when necessary and doesn't retard the pace. The musical score has been blended beautifully from native music and from the works of Debussy and Ravel.

IRVING LERNER.

Between Ourselves

JUDGING from the number of inquiries that have come into this office, well over a hundred writers are now at work throughout the country on manuscripts to be entered in the prize contest for a proletarian novel, being conducted jointly by THE NEW MASSES and The John Day Company, publishers. The rules of the contest, for the information of those who have missed previous announcements, are as follows:

1. All manuscripts must be submitted by April 1, 1935.
2. Each manuscript must be signed with a pseudonym; acompanying each manuscript there must be a sealed envelope with the pseudonym on the outside and the author's real name and address inside.
3. All novels submitted must be in the English language, must be typed, and must be not less than 60,000 words.
4. All novels submitted must deal with the American proletariat.
5. All manuscripts entered in the contest are also offered to The John Day Company for publication, terms to be arranged between the author and The John Day Company, and any author under contract to another publisher must obtain a release before entering the contest.
6. The decision of the five judges will be by majority vote. The judges reserve the right to reject all manuscripts.
7. The prize of $750 will be paid to the author of the winning novel upon his signing of a standard Authors' League contract with The John Day Company, which will publish the novel. The prize will be in addition to all royalties.

The judges of the contest are Granville Hicks, literary editor of THE NEW MASSES; William F. Dunne, labor leader, former editor of the Daily Worker; Alan Calmer, national secretary of the John Reed Clubs of the United States; Richard J. Walsh, president of The John Day Company; and Critchell Rimington, vice-president and associate editor of The John Day Company.

Any novel dealing with any section of the American working class may be submitted in this contest. For the purposes of the contest it is not sufficient that the novel be written from the point of view of the proletariat; it must actually be concerned with the proletariat. The term proletariat, however, is defined in its broadest sense, to include, for example, the poorer farmers, the unemployed, and even the lower fringes of the petty bourgeoisie as well as industrial workers. The characters, moreover, need not all be drawn from the working class so long as the book is primarily concerned with working-class life.

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